

**B**  
October 28, 1920

# Life

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Price 15 Cents



*"Congratulations"*

# The Fastest Selling Solid Truck Tire in America ~ the MONO-TWIN



**T**ALK to the truck owners of this country about *economy*—even an economy that may not be immediately apparent—and you will always find them ready and willing to listen to you.

When the United States Rubber Company announced the creation of its new Mono-Twin Solid Truck Tire, two months ago, it expected that truck owners would be interested.

What it didn't foresee was how quickly and almost universally they would appreciate the *results* towards which this company had been working.

\* \* \*

Two months is a short time in which to have the results of years of scientific

endeavor meet with such general and enthusiastic acceptance.

But truck owners all over the country have learned their lesson. They have followed the unsound and the unscientific to their logical conclusions.

They know now which way economy lies. And they are more than ever out to find it.

\* \* \*

For those who overlooked the first announcement regarding the Mono-Twin, we reprint these few facts bearing on its economy:

It is built of *grainless* rubber—an exclusive U. S. creation—*non-splitting*.

*Chemically* joined to its base—*no base separation*.

Its combination of rubber cross-bars and depressions *increase traction—dissipate traction heat—act as a non-skid tread—enable the tread to wear down uniformly* with no necessity for regrooving.

It carries a *heavier load* than two single tires of half the section width—*adding to its cushioning qualities, reducing the wear on truck and driver*.

Any U. S. Solid Truck Tire representative will be glad to give you further information.

Talk to him. He is a truck tire expert. And specify the U. S. Mono-Twin when ordering your new truck.

# United States Tires

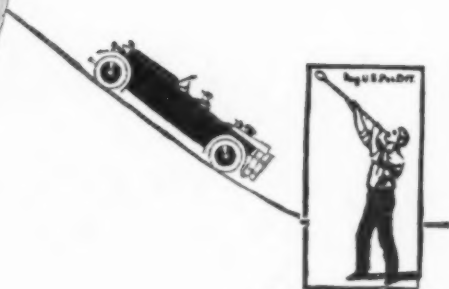
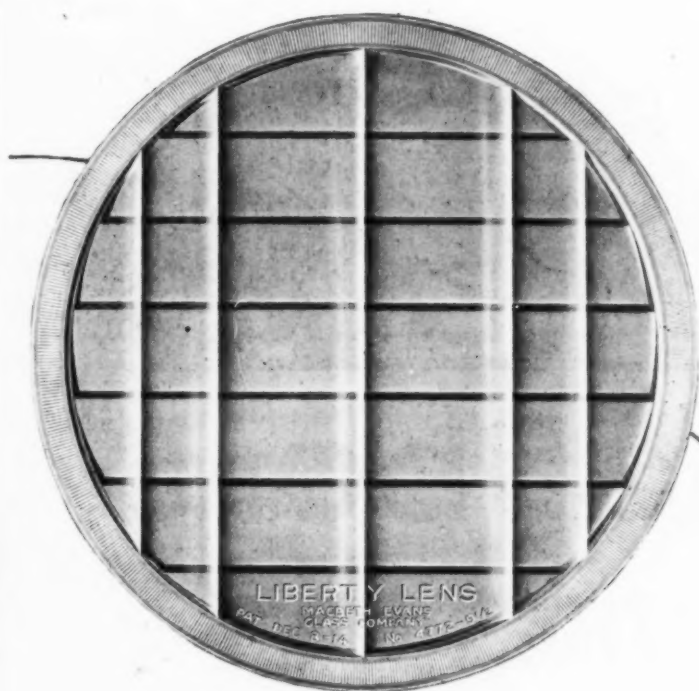
## United States Rubber Company



Fifty-three  
Factories

The oldest and largest  
Rubber Organization in the World

Two hundred  
thirty-five Branches



For half a century this trade-mark has been the sign of admitted superiority

# LIBERTY LENS

## The Record and the Lens! Both light the way for leaders



Macbeth-Evans made the great lens in this famous statue. The same scientific skill produced the Liberty Lens.

THERE is an intimate connection between the record of the Macbeth-Evans Glass Company and their latest product—the Liberty Lens for automobiles.

The Company's half century leadership lights the way for other industrial leaders. The Liberty Lens lights the way for the owners of leading cars. Backed by its makers' reputation for superiority this splendidly efficient lens has almost in a night become standard equipment on more cars than any other lens! Convincing proof this of its excellence.

The Macbeth scientific mastery of prismatic light control has brought the

world's nations to seek Macbeth lenses for their greatest battleships and light-houses. The same experience and skill produced the Liberty Lens.

### Safe as daylight

The Liberty puts abundant light where it is needed and where safety laws say it should be. It is legal everywhere. The prisms permit no rays higher than 42 inches, 75 feet in front of the car; no glare, but light in plenty on the road; 300 to 400 feet range ahead, and both sides of the road brightly lighted. It brings the comfort of daylight driving.

MACBETH-EVANS GLASS COMPANY, Pittsburgh

Branch Offices in: Boston; Chicago; New York; Philadelphia; Pittsburgh;  
San Francisco; 720 Book Building, Detroit

Macbeth-Evans Glass Company, Limited, Toronto, Canada

### Standard Equipment on

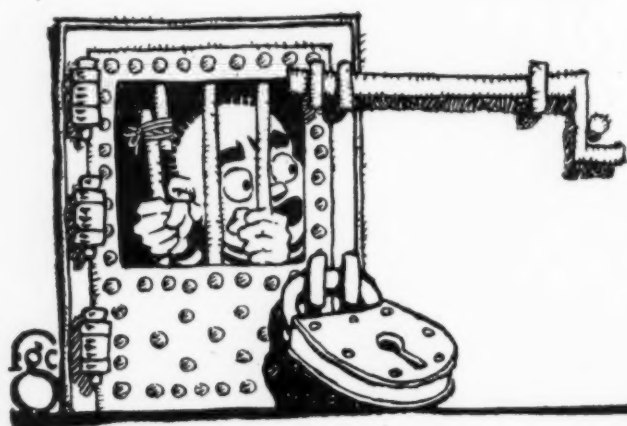
Jordan	Templar	Cole
Case	Studebaker	Paige
Daniels	Stanley	Moon
Standard	Winton	National
Peerless	Grant	Columbia
Hupmobile	American	Sheridan

### PRICES

Per pair . . . . .	\$3.00
Denver and West . . .	3.25
Canada . . . . .	4.00
Winnipeg and West . .	4.25

### Standard Equipment on

Briscoe	Biltwell	Jones
Pan American	Paterson	Premier
TRUCKS		
Service Motor Truck		
International Truck		Garford
Vim		



Coming,  
Sir!



# Give me liberty or give me LIFE!!

## SPECIAL OFFER

Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate.

Send One Dollar (Canadian \$1.20, Foreign \$1.40) with your name and address, and LIFE will be mailed to you regularly for three months (twelve issues).

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York.

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One Year, \$5.00

(Canadian, \$5.80; Foreign, \$6.60.)

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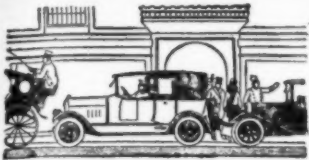
"I—I—I  
b'lieve  
I shall"



*NOW is the time to think of beginning to do your Christmas subscribing. Next week's issue is the great Thanksgiving Number. This leads the way to the Double Christmas Number, coming the first week in December. You cannot afford to miss any issue of LIFE from now on. And your friends? Begin to think of sending them LIFE for a Christmas gift. Obey that Impulse.*



## Obey that impulse!



## The BILTMORE

Where the social life  
of New York centers  
by day and evening



CLOSE  
TO ALL THEATRES  
AND SHOPS

### Our Panicky Public

LESS than a week after the explosion in Wall Street, in which thirty-five people were killed and some hundreds injured, the Collector of the Port of New York received a letter warning him that, at two o'clock sharp on the afternoon of September 20th, the Customs House would be blown up.

"Big Bill" Edwards, the Collector, had the good sense to heed the warning, and caused it to be published in the press, so that the public might know of the possible danger, and stay away from the vicinity at that time.

"Big Bill" was at his office in the Customs House as usual on September 20th, and, when the fatal hour approached, went to the window to see if any red grocery wagons were approaching the place. There were no wagons of any kind, and, if there had been, they would not have been able to get within striking distance of the Customs House, for the place was surrounded with a mob of several thousand men and women, crowding in as close to the building as the squad of perspiring policemen would permit them.

The citizens of New York had heeded Mr. Edwards's warning of the danger that threatened them—and they had re-



L. E. Waterman Co.  
191 Broadway, New York  
129 So. State Street, Chicago, Ill.  
24 School Street Boston 17 Stockton Street San Francisco

Have you a Pen?  
We mean a Pen!!

A pen that will sign your name  
in any style or any way?

For instance underneath are a number of different  
handwritings all made by one pen and  
written by one person!!

Will your pen do this? If not:—  
Discard it and get one that will!

There's only one pen that will do it

It is Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen  
It writes—

Like this or Like that

In this fashion or That Style

This if you prefer or That if you don't

Change it to this or Change it to that

Alter it so or Leave it just this

Some like it little

and

Some like it big

Some like it weak

and

Some like it strong

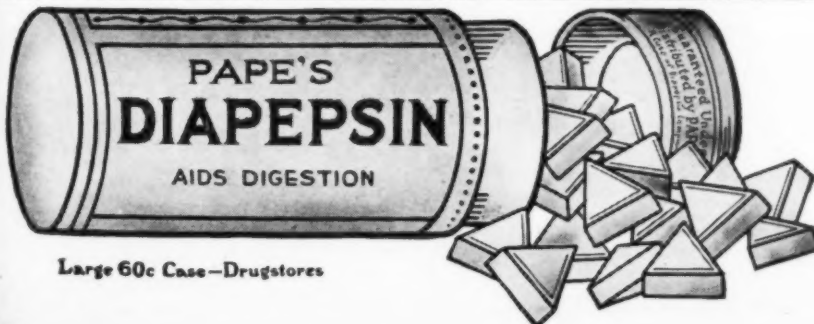
Some prefer this

and

Some prefer that

While the water pen is your ace

under a hat!!



Large 60c Case—Drugstores

sponded by hurrying to the most dangerous spot to see the excitement.

No wonder Germany was beaten.

R. E. S.

THE various government officials—from the President down—are not representative of the entire population of the United States; they are only representative of those members of the population who were patriotic enough to cast their votes on Election Day. The others have no right to representation.

# OWNERS' FAITH *in* WHITE TRUCKS



**T**HE following list of large investments in White fleets shows the faith large truck owners have in White equipment.

2 owners have invested over	\$2,000,000
4 owners have invested between	1,000,000 and \$2,000,000
5 owners have invested between	500,000 and 1,000,000
22 owners have invested between	250,000 and 500,000
82 owners have invested between	100,000 and 250,000

Experienced truck users *know* truck value in terms of earning power, through actual performance of one truck against another.

They *know* that White Trucks do the most work for the least money, and they back that knowledge by increasing their investments year after year.

The purchaser of one or a few trucks can safely follow their example.

**THE WHITE COMPANY**  
CLEVELAND



## Autumn

WHO was it spoke, when the wind went by,  
In accents soft as a wistful sigh?  
Did dreams drift back from the far away?  
Did hope revive for a moment's stay?  
Swallows wheel through the cold, gray sky—  
Who was it spoke, when the wind went by?

Who was it called, when the wind went by,  
With bitter laughter and mockery?  
Will love be lovely once again?

Will life fulfill its promise then?  
Deep in the dells the dead leaves lie—  
Who was it called, when the wind went by?

Who was it wept, when the wind went by?  
A hush of tears and a haunting cry. . . .

Why does the pale sun scorn our pain,  
Veiling its face with a mist of rain?  
Life must change, but it cannot die!  
But—who was it wept, when the wind went by?

*Ethel M. Pomroy.*



"DOCTOR, WOULD IT BE SAFE TO SHOW FATHER MY MILLINER'S BILL IF I GIVE HIM HIS STIMULANT FIRST?"



Nature Lovers

# The Transmigration of Tunes

SOME people don't know when they are well off; and they seize needless occasions for disclosing this disregard of their valuable possessions. Next to the "Marseillaise," the Austrian hymn composed by Haydn is perhaps the most satisfactory of national airs. It is elevated and uplifting; it is dignified and soul-stirring. And now the new Austrian government, so we are told, proposes to discard it, after it has served its purpose nobly for nearly a century and a quarter; and they are making ready to have a new national anthem written by Chancellor Renner—whoever he may be—and set to music by Kienzi—whoever he may be.

It is to be wished that the ouija board might bring us an authentic message from Haydn, declaring the intention of his ghost to become an American citizen, *post mortem*, so to speak. Then at last the citizens of these United States could take over a national hymn which would be really worthy of a mighty republic. At present "Yankee Doodle" is absurdly inadequate for the purpose to which it is often put; in fact, "A Hot Time in the Old Town To-night" would serve better. And "The Star-Spangled Banner" has the double disadvantage of commemorating the capture of an American city and of being vocally very difficult. That Haydn's tune would be a foreign importation is a detail that might be disregarded, since we imported the airs to which we sing "America" and "Yankee Doodle."

Tunes are often imported. The British "God Save the King" is now believed



## TIME FOR ACTION

"OUT OF A THOUSAND WEDDING INVITATIONS WE MAILED, ONLY SIXTEEN PRESENTS HAVE BEEN RECEIVED."

"U. M. POOR RETURNS. WHY NOT RUSH OUT A FOLLOW-UP FORM?"



"SAY! YOU TOLD ME THAT CAR I GOT HERE WAS NOT EXPENSIVE TO RUN, AND IT HAS ALREADY COST ME SEVENTY DOLLARS FOR A COW, NINETY DOLLARS FOR A PLATE-GLASS WINDOW AND FIFTY DOLLARS FOR VIOLATING THE SPEED LAW"

to have been written by a French-Italian, Lully; and "Maryland, My Maryland" is set to the German air, "Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum," better known in our college days as "Lauriger Horatius." The transmigration of tunes is an obscure subject; and we need not cry out against the boy who was taken to the oratorio and who asked if "With Verdure Clad" was the same as "The Wearing of the Green." And, for that matter, the air of "The Wearing of the Green" is also the air of "Benny Havens, O," dear to the hearts of many generations of West Pointers.

B. M.

"DIDN'T Ethel meet with an accident while riding through New York in her auto?"

"Yes—she got home safe."

SILENT contempt is the noblest way a man can express himself—when the other fellow is bigger.



SIGNS OF THE TIMES

### The Giraffe

GIVE a thought to our friend, the giraffe,  
Whose head is three yards and a haff  
Away from the rest of him;  
Must be the pest of him—  
Takes him so darned long to laffe.

Consider his unhappy lot:  
On days when he's thirsty or hot,  
The fresh, cooling water  
Has boiled (as it ought t')  
Before it has reached the right spot.

HAS anyone ever foreseen the necessity of establishing a League for the Prevention of the Sale of Men's Neckwear to Feminine Shoppers during the holiday season?

HE: Well, well; now we can talk about politics intelligently to you ladies, can't we?

SHE: That remains to be seen.

### Apathy

THE summer of 1920 has produced three great sporting events—the yacht races for the America's cup, the Olympic games and the campaign for the presidency of the United States.

The first contest was greeted with no interest whatsoever, the second with less, and the third (up to this point) with somewhat less than that. All that was notable about the yacht races was the sportsmanship of Sir Thomas Lipton, all that was notable about the Olympic games was the fact that a number of highly attractive young American mermaids came out victorious, and all that is notable about the election is the ability of all candidates to pour forth a maximum number of words with a minimum amount of meaning. And the average citizen has been unable to display much enthusiasm for any of the events.

Is this due to the fact that the sport-loving public is growing a bit apathetic? Or is it just possible that the contests themselves have been a trifle more lack-lustre and uninspiring this year than usual?

### Normal?

THE amount of drunkenness in New York is now three times as large as it was during the period which immediately followed July 1st, 1919, when the dry law first went into effect. In fact, the average number of cases now is almost as high as it was in the pre-Prohibition days.

Which goes to prove that the American people can rally even after the greatest upheavals, and waste no time in getting back to normal.

### A Cynicism

THE two keys to success are luck and pluck: luck in finding someone to pluck.



THE PIONEER SOCIETY OF MUD CREEK PASSES A RESOLUTION ENDORSING THE OLD-AGE PENSION



A PLEA FOR REALISM

"NOW, MY DEAR MR. ARGENT, YOU MUSTN'T BE INFLUENCED BY MY PRESENCE, AND MAKE MY PORTRAIT TOO ETHEREAL"



## A RECOMMENDATION

SPECKS DRUG CO. DEER SUR:—

To who it may consurn. This is to certufy that we have umploid Jams R. Morton sevrl Mo. on our ball teem and found him a good man on the basis and chasen flies, and consakently he wood be the rite man to run arrands for you.

Sined CAPT. ARTHUR JONES.

## Bringing It Home

**WILBUR** (indicating a couple in the background): Funny that such a stunning-looking woman should marry such a dub as that.

**FLATTE**: Well, I don't know. No accounting for those things. Now, you take your wife—she's a ripper.



## LOCAL GOSSIP

They say Enoch Skinner is kind to his mother, although he is unquestionably the meanest man that ever mixed sawdust into his chicken feed, but if the truth be known he up and left last Tuesday for good and all. It come about on account of his ketchin his maw drinkin' some skim milk, which, a course, pork bein' 'way up, she hadn't ought to done. So Enoch says he couldn't stand it no longer to see her bringin' ruin down upon 'em, and off he went down the road.

He never got further than Will Art Hinckley's gunnin' shack across the valley, as night come on.

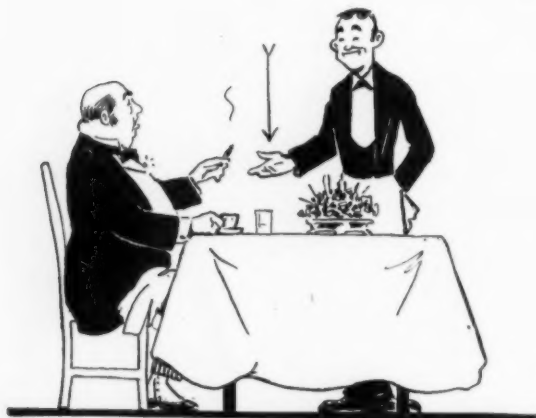
Ol' Miss Skinner, after she had done the milkin' and chores, cryin' and takin' on, probably, lighted a lamp and set it in the window. After a while she went to bed, but Enoch seen the light, and he couldn't understand what wuz a-goin' on, an' he watched it an' watched it. Come mornin', and he could see his mother had let out the stock, so he knew she must have left the lamp fer him. And that night about sundown he seen the lamp a-burnin' away in the window, and he knew that it would burn all night and the next night and the next, consumin' kerosene, barrel after barrel, unless he did something about it. So he went hum.

## Gastronomical Limitations

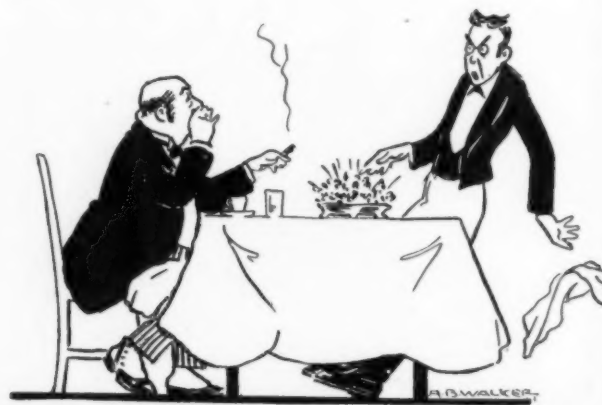
**NORTH**: How do you manage to order from that menu? Can you read French?

**WEST**: No, but I can read prices!

## A REAL TIP



"I don't suppose you would refuse a tip."  
"Oh, no, sir."



"If you have any Consolidated Tire stock, sell it at once. It's going to drop."



*Biliter (in his friend's den):* ABOUT HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN COLLECTING THIS LIBRARY, OLD MAN?

*Whittler:* OH, ABOUT TWO YEARS.

"WONDERFUL! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD SO MANY FRIENDS."

### An All-Star Movie

*Miss Gerry and Mr. Lou, the Inseparables,  
in "A Romance of the Desert—  
The Camel's Revenge"*

NIGHT fell hard on the desert. The Sphinx and Pyramids were there as usual, but getting tired of being photographed. The Sphinx, especially, felt depressed.

Suddenly, out of the Great Silence a line of horsemen, or camelmenn, is silhouetted against the horizon. This is merely local color, as they are really from New Jersey.

Lady Phillys, daughter of an English earl, decides to take a stroll from Cairo, all by herself, to see how the desert looks at night, and she thoughtfully puts on a handsome evening dress for the occasion.

An unprincipled and ungentelemanly Arab grabs her as she wanders alone, and drags her to his tent. There he hopes to terrify her by a wicked Oriental dance, but, as she is used to the shimmy, he



*Miss Turtle:* I SEE YOU'RE ADVERTISING FOR TELEPHONE OPERATORS. IF THERE'S NO AGE LIMIT AND YOU'RE NOT PARTICULAR ABOUT SPEED, I'LL TAKE THE POSITION

fails in his fell design. Later, as she shrieks for help, the old family camel of the Sheik recognizes English in her anguished cries. It stirs memories of a nobler time when he had been chief camel to Captain Sir Ian Malcolm Worcester, of the King's Own (Mr. Fellegen), and at midnight he creeps into her tent to gnaw asunder her bonds. This done, she mounts the noble animal and makes her escape. Last scene—Lady Phillys rides out into the "Dawn of a New Day."

*M. S. W.*

"I JUST got in from the Pacific Coast."  
"You do look tired."

"I am. Couldn't feel much worse if I had gone from Brooklyn to New Jersey."

THERE is much talk of government extravagance; but careful investigation has failed to reveal any evidences of it in so far as the salaries of postal employees are concerned. In this respect the government appears in the rôle of a tightwad, not a spendthrift.



DAVID RECEIVES AN OFFER TO GO INTO VAUDEVILLE

### One Good Turn Deserves Another

THE poet, Love's interpreter,  
Who meets a maiden fair and trim,  
Sits down and writes a verse to her.  
Now should she be averse to him?

THE man who is afraid to walk under  
a ladder probably never will get to  
the top of it.

### Domestic Slackers

ONE swallow doesn't make a summer,  
and one drop doesn't make a bound-  
less ocean, and one grain doesn't make a  
mighty land; and a number of otherwise  
sane citizens think that these interesting  
facts excuse them from casting their  
votes on Election Day.

### The Call of the Rails

THERE they are spread—a silver trail  
Glimmering white in the sun;  
And they point beyond the vision's pale,  
Teasingly, where they are one,  
To a shrinking, wonderful land of dreams;  
To castles that float in the blue;  
To a ruling of many; successful schemes,  
And a consequent million or two.

It's as ceaseless as that of the babbling  
brook,  
Is this silent song of the rails,  
As they stretch to the land of "On and  
On"—

And scorn on the man who quails!  
Does he listen, that wistful farmer-boy,  
As he rests on the prop of his hoe?  
In a forest fire, is one tree safe  
When the rest of them blaze in its row?

Christy Holmes.

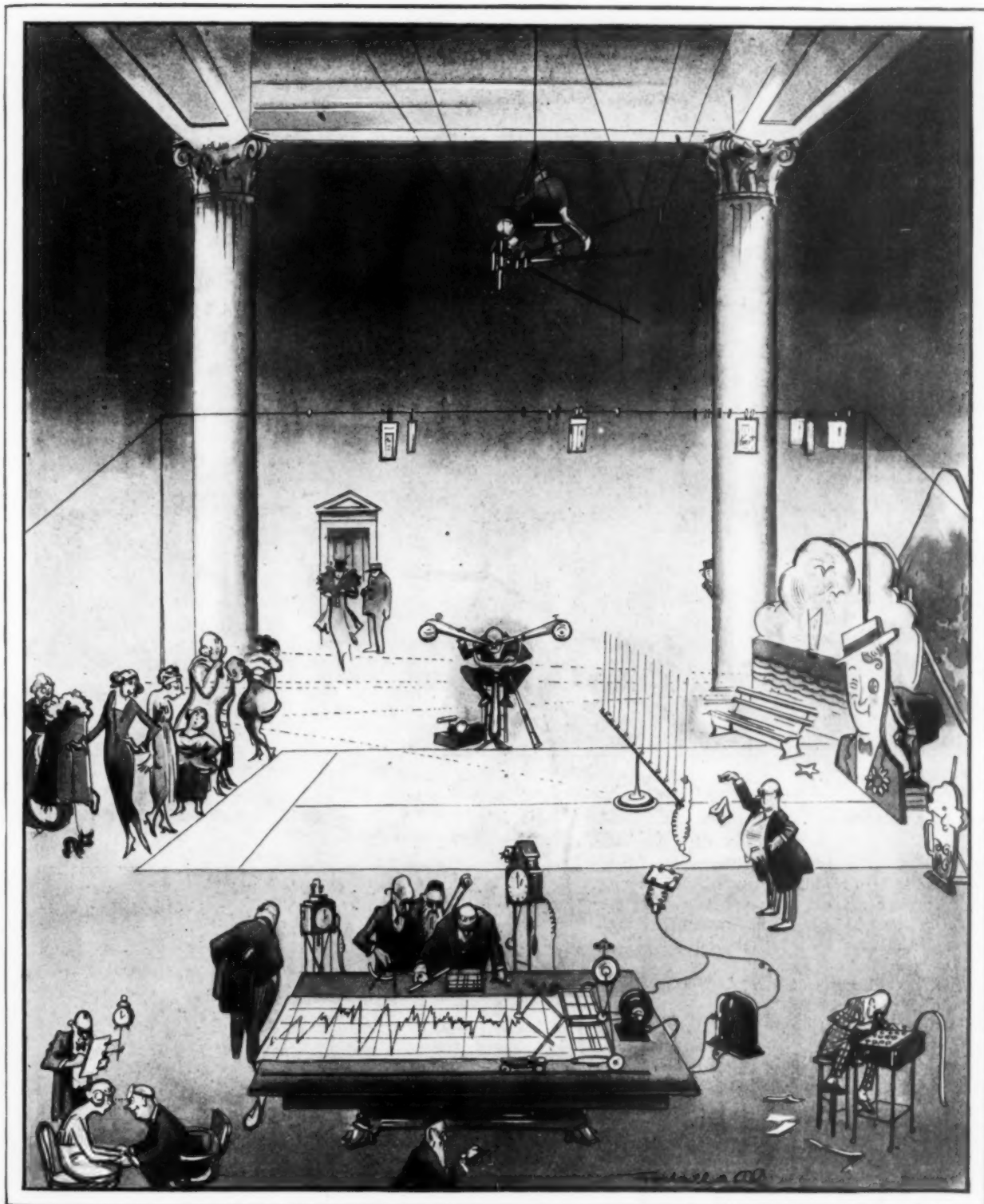
### The Next Step

MAYBE it isn't true, but there have  
been rumors that, out of three hun-  
dred thousand disabled soldiers, less than  
three hundred have been actually taken  
care of by the government. It seems rea-  
sonable to suppose that someone in Con-  
gress may soon be accusing these three  
hundred of profiteering.

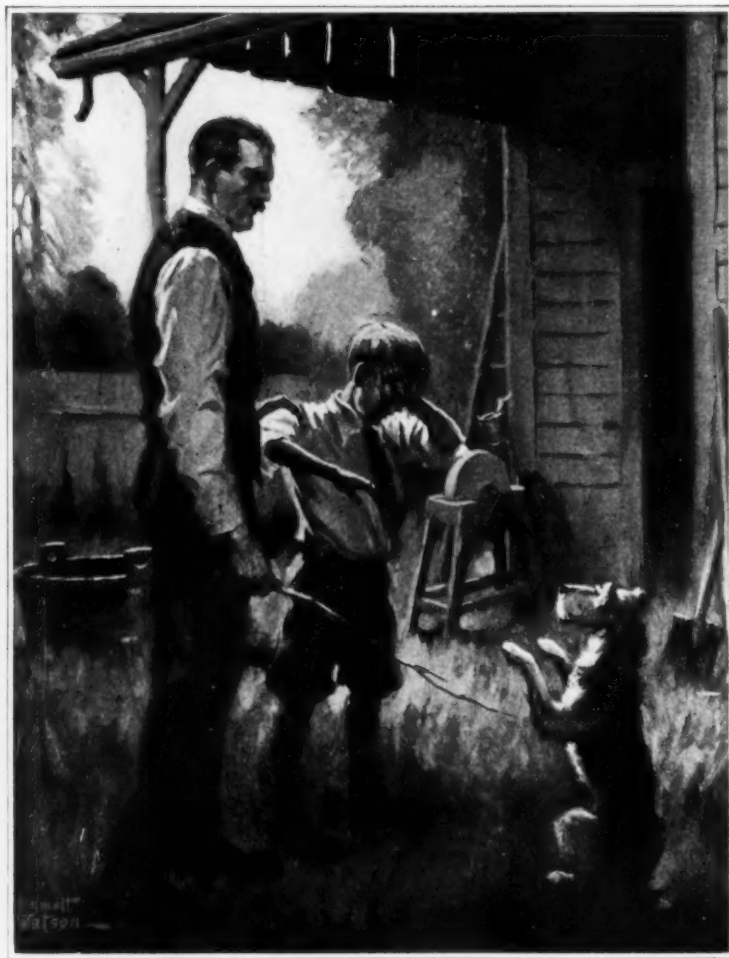


FIRED!

AND THE ONLY UNION HE IS A MEMBER OF



Scientists Calculating the Velocity Indicated by the Saying, "As Quick as a Wink"



THE INTERCESSOR

### I Couldn't Remember

IT was during the conversational twitterings at the Monday Literary Club. The paper of the evening had been read and discussed. It was ten o'clock; the cocoa and saltines were passing in review. I thought of how I had rushed from my home to catch the seven-fifty-one car.

Had I switched off the lights?

Had I closed the front door?

I couldn't remember!

The other members of the family had gone to the theatre. Burglars would be undisturbed! What might—

"You're thinking of something amusing," a woman's voice beside me said. "I want to hear about it."

### You Never Can Tell

EXPERIENCE met a Guileless Maiden in tears. "Why the weeps?" railed Experience.

"Alas! my heart is broken," sobbed the Guileless Maiden.

"Well, be sure you save the pieces," advised Experience.



*Proud Owner of New Hat:* THE SALESLADY THOUGHT FLOWERS WAS MORE BECOMIN' TO ME, BUT I ALWAYS FANCED FEATHERS—SO WE COMPROMISED ON FRUIT!

### On Seeing an Old Flame in After Years

(With Apologies to Leigh Hunt)

JENNY used to be my pet—

Cosy was the swing we'd kiss in!

Time, old top, who love to get

Jokes into your list, put this in:

Say I'm thankful! Say I'm glad!

(Was it really she that kissed me?)

Say I'm married now, and add—

Jenny missed me!

THE real red-letter day will come when all the Reds in the country are rounded up and deported.

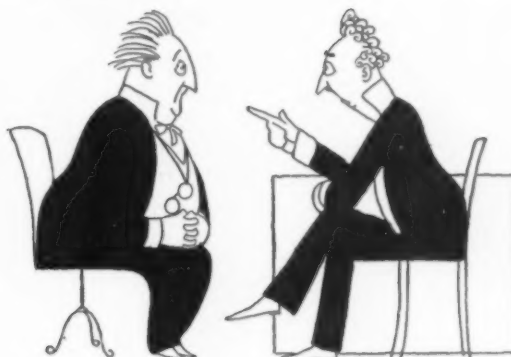


IF THOSE WHO BRAG ABOUT IT WERE REALLY SELF-MADE MEN

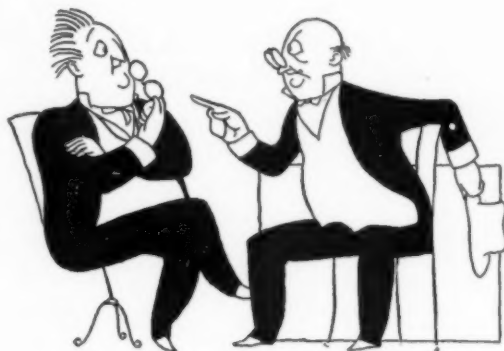
*Senator Souder Outlines His Plan*



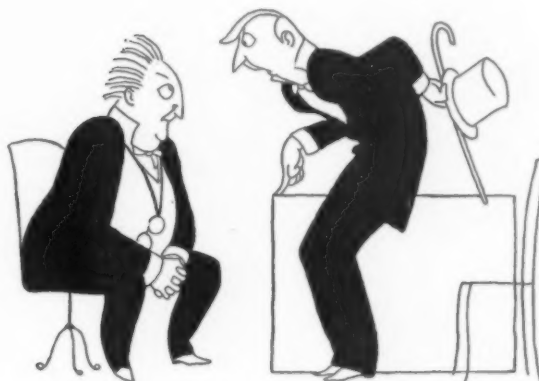
If elected, I do not propose to be a one-man government. On the contrary, I shall seek the counsel and advice of those champions of our constitutional rights, the members of the Senate (who are of my party).



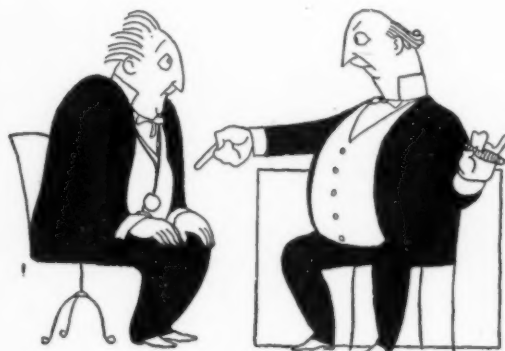
On matters of taxation, I shall defer to the opinion of Senator Doolittle, who in his eighteen years in the Senate has never been found guilty of uttering an original thought.



Questions of Mexican policy, I shall submit to Senator Plipp, who, knowing nothing whatever about the subject (or, indeed, about any), is admirably qualified to consider it with an unprejudiced mind.



In matters relating to our internal affairs, I shall be guided by the views of that brilliant thinker, Senator Knutt, who for twelve years has stood, a splendid bulwark, in the path of all progressive legislation.



I shall determine our foreign policies only after consulting Senator Bowker, perhaps the ablest of them all. In one speech alone he was able to use the phrases, "Stars and Stripes" and "one hundred per cent. Americanism," 6,972 times, and his record for the year goes over the million mark.



I shall thus secure the aid and advice of men who have many times declared that they are the wisest and ablest minds in the country. Truly, it will be a remarkable administration!



TRY THIS ON YOUR BOLSHEVICTROLA  
His looks were enough to convict him,  
But he swore that five anarchists kicked him.  
His voice was quite squeaky:  
"I'm not Bolsheviki;  
I'm 'what you might call 'Bolshevictim!'"

### What Is the Public?

ABOUT election time the public hears itself spoken of in terms of respect and affection, "The voice of the public," "The welfare of the public," and even "The authority of the public," are familiar platform amenities. To ask what they mean is futile, because, like other oratorical phrases, "Toiling masses" and "Peaceful intervention," they do not mean anything at all.

Yet the public exists, unorganized, unconsolidated, without unions, or brotherhoods, or delegates, but not without functions of its own. It pays the profiteering producer and the profiteering laborer. It pays the profiteering landlord, the profiteering plumber and the profiteering cook. When corporations and their employees are on good terms, it is privileged to ride in trolley cars under conditions which would be considered indecent in Dahomey. When corporations and their employees fall out, it walks weary miles to and from its humble avocations. It works long hours in stuffy office buildings for meagre salaries, and is dynamited whenever our

Bolshevist immigrants consider that financiers have too much money. It is taxed by the government for all its poor necessities, including the necessity of remaining unmarried because it cannot afford a family.

Years ago a railroad magnate put himself on record as saying a true word, "The public be damned!" It is damned. To be damned is one of its functions. Quite recently an Irish gentleman bearing the picturesque title of the O'Connor Don protested bitterly that the Irish public had been brought to "ruin and damnation" because two contending Irish factions refused to come to terms. He seems to have forgotten what a public is for. In this great and free country we never forget. Definitions may be difficult, but to the public has been assigned a recognizable rôle. It always pays the piper, but it never calls the tune.

*Agnes Repplier.*

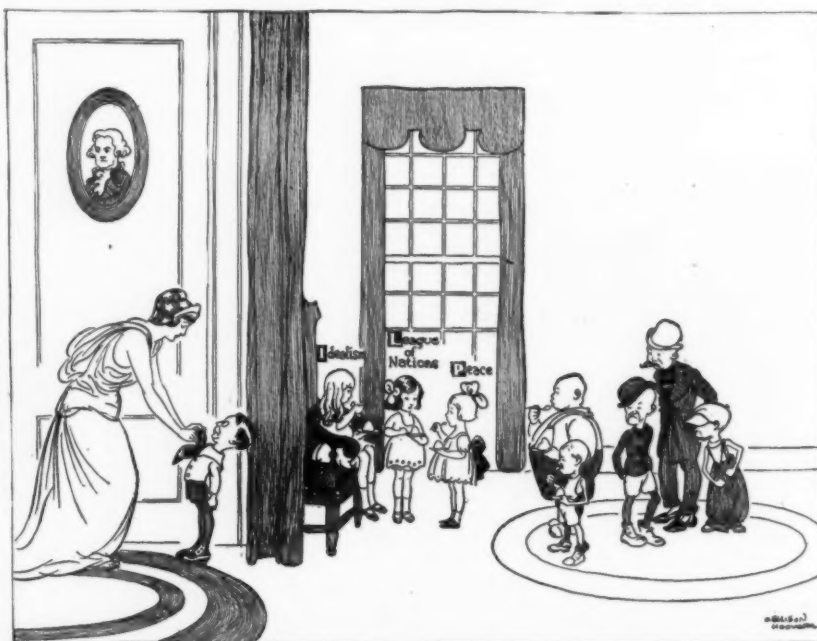
### The New Republics

WHEN the newspapers recently announced that a diplomatic representative from the Latvian Republic had been detained at Ellis Island, a great number of our citizens learned for the first time that there is such a place on the face of the earth as Latvia.

Which goes to show that the many small nations which have come into being since the war don't need diplomatic representatives in the United States so much as press agents.

### In These Trying Times

MILLY: Men age so much more rapidly than women.  
BILLY: I suppose that accounts for the fact that by the time a man is rich enough to be a girl's husband he is old enough to be her father.



"YOUR LITTLE GIRL FRIENDS ARE SO NICE, JIMMY; BUT WHY DID YOU ASK THE LITTLE BOYS?"



"Say, where d' ya want this?"



OCTOBER 28, 1920

"While there is Life there's Hope"

VOL. 76, No. 1962

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MR. HARDING in his Des Moines speech did his best to make good what President Wilson had said, that the League of Nations issue had been "referred to the people themselves for a sovereign mandate to their representatives." When Mr. Harding said, speaking of the duties that would come with the League, "I do not want to clarify these obligations: I want to turn my back on them," he was much more definite in his opposition than he has been heretofore. He was so definite indeed that he presented Governor Cox with a lot of new voters. Herbert Parsons, a habitual Republican and lately a member of the Republican National Committee, quit supporting him and came out for Cox. So did Hamilton Holt, the editor of the *Independent*, and these two representative men have plenty of company in switching.

As for the other prominent pro-League Republicans—Taft, Hoover, Wickersham, Lowell, Strauss and the rest—up to this time of writing (October 13), they have made no announcement of a change of voting intention. They must be extremely dissatisfied with Mr. Harding's attitude. What probably holds them is the knowledge that if they bolt they will lose their hold on the policies of the Republican party if it comes into power. As long as they are registered Republicans they can make a fight for the League inside of the party. If they get outside of it, and vote for Cox and Cox is beaten, they could not do much. Their position, as Republican leaders, is different from that of the ordinary Republican voter. He can vote for Cox and relieve his mind if he chooses, and if Cox is beaten it is no great harm that he should have bolted. But if the

League leaders of the Republican party feel that they ought not to bolt, one can understand their position.

Mr. Harding's Des Moines speech, being more definite than his previous speeches have been, was more interesting than usual. One of the curious things that run in his mind is the grudge about the Canal tolls. He lays the repeal of free passage for American ships to the Wilson administration, and that administration is entitled to much of the credit of it. But the support of the measure came mostly from leading Republicans—Mr. Root, Mr. Choate and others, who believed that treaty obligations should be respected.



ALONG after Mr. Harding's speech at Des Moines came Mr. Hoover's address at Indianapolis. He charged the Democratic party with having "obstinately held up the peace of the world for eighteen months and rejected the opportunity of amicable adjustment of differences as to method." That, he said, was the greatest failure of American statesmanship since the Civil War.

So it was, and the Democrats cannot escape their share of responsibility for it, and it is a large share. But Mr. Hoover spoke as if it was all their fault. To discuss that in the thick of the campaign would, of course, produce more heat than light, but there was a time when Lodge and Hitchcock seemed extremely near agreement about the form in which the Treaty should be passed, and it is asserted that the friends and foes of that document would have gotten together at that time if it had not been for the sud-

den intrusion of Johnson and Borah upon the proceedings. Then, too, Mr. Lodge may well be said to have beaten the League in the Senate when he packed the Foreign Relations Committee with its enemies. As to that point Mr. Hoover's speech was vulnerable. His reiterated confidence that with the Republican party in power the League will go through in some satisfactory form, will not carry conviction, but when he gets away from these things and talks about what should be done for the country he is a refreshment to the spirit. These things and not the League at all are what we should have been discussing in this campaign, for we should have joined the League on such terms as were practicable before the presidential campaign opened. But economic and industrial development will not bring lasting prosperity unless they rest on a sound spiritual basis. Mr. Hoover would have provided the basis as well as the superstructure. Mr. Harding wants the superstructure, but has no definite or satisfactory conception of what sort of world relation it ought to rest upon.

One of the sad thoughts of this campaign is that Hoover and the other pro-League Republicans must finish it without disclosure of their feelings about their candidate. When Herbert Parsons quit, he freed his mind, and it must have done him good, as it did good to others. But Hoover, Taft, Wickersham and the rest are entitled to the sympathy expressed by Dr. Holmes for

Hearts that break and give no sign,  
 Save whitening lips and fading tresses,  
 and who finally

—die with all their music in them.

And yet our good friends' case is not quite so bad as that. They must go to the polls, apparently, with their music unreleased, but there is no reason why

they should not survive the election.

Colonel George Harvey, with fair luck, will also survive it, and if Harding wins, it will be interesting to notice what sort of settlement is made with Colonel George for the first aid given by him to the Republicans in general, and especially at Chicago to the Harding candidacy. If it is felt that he did a good job in facilitating Mr. Harding's nomination, there ought to be something coming to him. But was it a good job, and will the powers that abetted it be grateful?



THE Democrats have not got much money, and are not likely to get very much, though contributions, at this writing, are coming in, and more than usual from women. But they are not saddled with the expense of one great activity in their behalf—they do not have to pay for the speaking excursions of Senator Harding. In every speech he makes he extricates the League from the mix-up and helps to make it the issue. Since he said at Des Moines: "It is not interpretation but rejection that I am seeking," he has become constantly more self-revealing. Anyone who reads his mid-October speeches and still wants him for President, must be sure that he is the man they want and stands for what they approve. They can't be deceived about him if they read his speeches. "Poor Taft can save his face," says Johnson, "so long as he doesn't save his League," but he testified that "Senator Harding has been more emphatic than any of the so-called irreconcilables in his criticisms of the League."

At this writing, Johnson's campaign speeches are still to come. They may considerably help the Republican friends of the League to know what to do, but Harding is best at that job. All a friend of the League should ask is—Let the voters read Harding's speeches! but in fact a little more than that is necessary, for many of his hearers need help in testing the accuracy of his statements. Thus when he quoted in Oklahoma the assertion of "an eminent British authority," that the British now controlled ninety per cent. of the world's oil, that remark was easy to make and easy to accept, but it is not worth the slightest confidence. Another British spokesman has said that his countrymen had got control of about five per cent. of the oil provision of the world.

Of course, all readers or hearers of Mr. Harding's speeches cannot have at their elbow a commentator to correct them, but submitted just as they are to people who are intelligent, even though politically and statistically inexpert, they give a clear impression of the man and what he wants, and voters who vote for him in the confidence that he is not what he seems and wants the contrary of what he says, are liable to disappointment. One by one his seven veils are leaving him as he floats from platform to platform, and we can trust Hiram Johnson to remove the last.



MR. ROOT has not yet made any political disclosures, but on October 11th he talked to the student body of Hamilton College, and his remarks, as printed in the *World*, have a bearing even on politics. At the present time, he said, we are in the midst of a great world revolution that has come not suddenly but gradually. Our own country is in the

same condition that it was a year ago:

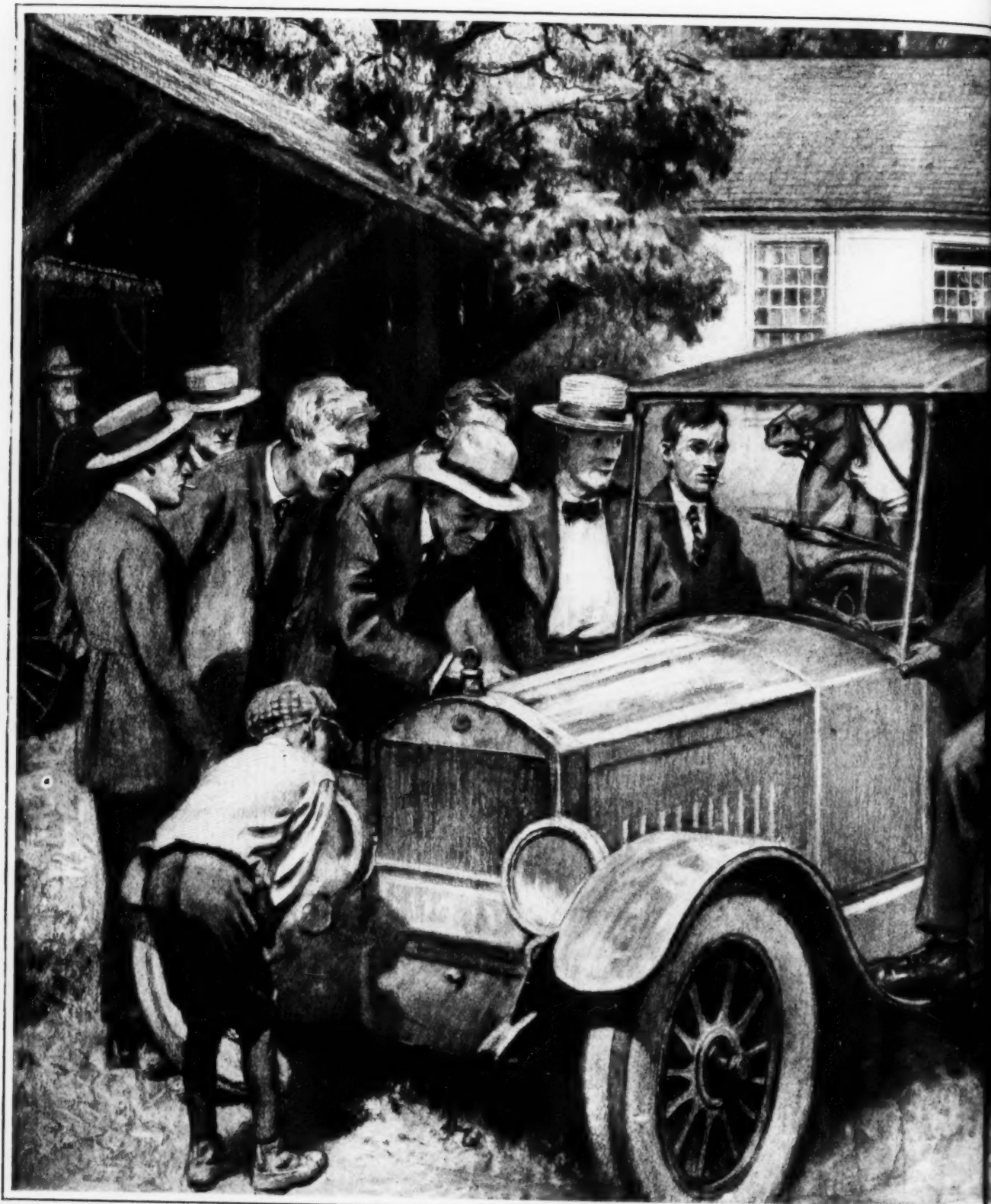
The same general nervousness is apparent. There is a general world neurosis. It seems hard to get down to work. There are millions who shun work. Industry is not stocked with the necessities of life. Europe has used its money. Moreover, industry has not the raw materials to begin its peacetime operation.

*We cannot get back to the social relations that existed before the war. We must move forward. New conceptions must replace the old ones. We must regard our fellow beings in a far different light.*

Readers will guess for themselves what Mr. Johnson, Mr. Borah and The Candidate will think of these suggestions that old things are passing away, but evidently Mr. Root has not been to Europe for nothing, and is not a stand-patter in world politics. He thinks that something has happened—something serious and important. He seems to think the world needs medication. Doubtless we shall learn from him in due time what is the particular medication that it requires, but when he says that we must regard our fellow beings in a far different light, it almost seems as though he thought the world needed an infusion of religion.



"MERCY! HE MUST BE AWFULLY HOT WITH ALL THAT HAIR AROUND HIS NECK"



The Deacon Has Beeping A



Beeping Again



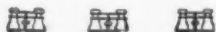
### New History and Old

LAST year we had what is known in price-cutting circles as "a country-wide wave" of murder-mystery plays. This was followed by a psychic blight. And now it looks as if we were in for a season of Jewish plays.

"The Unwritten Chapter" is the latest attempt to prove that the race-prejudice is not always to the swift, and it might well be highly effective if it were a better play.

It deals with the historical character of Haym Salamon, a Jewish banker who gave Robert Morris invaluable aid in financing the American Revolution at a time when financing the American Revolution was considered an act of business acumen comparable to financing a Massachusetts oil-well. Salamon was a figure worthy of much more notice than our American histories have given him, but it is doubtful if the picture of him drawn by Samuel Shipman and acted by Louis Mann is one which the Salamon estate would wish perpetuated.

With the exception of one well-written scene in which the Jewish merchants of New York are shown, at the earnest exhortation of Salamon, suspending their Sabbath in order to transact the business necessary to turning their entire stock of gold over to the Revolutionary cause, the play is cheap. The authors apologize for certain necessary anachronisms in the text, which doubtless covers the Irish cook who exits, screaming in the manner of George Monroe: "You said it!" and the Hessian general who reaches forward a century and a half for the comedy line, "Good night!" And Mr. Mann's Haym Salamon seems constantly on the point of leaping nimbly to a table-top or disappearing, amid satanic laughter, in a sulphurous pillar of smoke and sparks.



THE question might well arise, "Why should the Jews need justification plays?"

Much more to the point would be a play setting forth the really decent side of the Gentiles. They are the ones who need it in this day and generation. If no one else will come forward to the aid of our down-trodden sect, I myself have a little scenario which I will gladly offer to the cause.

The hero is an old-fashioned New England Gentile, who was brought up to believe that Boston was the center of American culture. One snowy winter's night he comes to New York and finds that Boston is simply the home of two ball clubs which finished in the second divisions of their respective leagues. Most of the reading, writing, drawing and thinking of the time he finds is being done by Jews. His big scene is where he comes in out of the storm, all wet and uncultured, and, holding out his hands, voices a ringing *apologia* for the representatives of the Congregational faith, many of whom are educated, he says, and many of whom could do a man's work in the world of letters if only given a chance. He then recites Longfellow's "Hiawatha," to prove his case. It ought to be a touching scene, if well done.



GEORGE COHAN is too busy. Or perhaps the day is too short. At any rate, he didn't have time to do enough to "The Meanest Man in the World" to make it the entertainment it starts out to be. Evidently he took Mr. Augustin Mac-

Hugh's script and had just time to finish re-writing the first act when the curtain-call for that act came. Played by Mr. Cohan himself in the part of *Richard Clarke*, the sentimental and impecunious lawyer, and Ralph Sipperly as his office boy, this act is a rapid succession of legitimate laughs which carry the thing along at an unbelievable rate. It starts out like one of the best shows you have ever seen.

Then Mr. Cohan got tired, or had to come in to New York to explain "The Tavern" to the critics, and evidently left the second act with only a few changes and the last act with none at all. Consequently the piece gradually drops back into the class with the six hundred other plays written about the discovery of oil on the ground owned by the heroine and the transformation of the entire district by the hero from "a boob town to a boom town." It is quite possible that Mr. Cohan wrote the last act as a burlesque. If he didn't, he will soon. All he will have to do will be to tone it down a little. At any rate, when he grasps his classmate by the hand and tells him that, after all, "hap-



ARNOLD DALY IN "THE TAVERN"

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piness is the only thing worth while in the world," he must inwardly wish that he could keep his tongue in his cheek and read his lines at the same time.

The most suspicious feature of the whole performance, however, is the burlesque effect of the beards worn by some of the more mature members of the cast. They must have been stuck on in a spirit of fun. You can't fool me.



**"KISSING TIME"** is a musical comedy, in which Edith Taliaferro and William Norris are featured, both very nice people. The music is by Ivan Caryll, who has written some very charming things. Here is some of the comedy:

"I am going to the Canary Islands."

"Well, you must be a bird!"

"Why don't you go to Patagonia?"

"Where's that?"

"That's where the patties come from."

"You are a magnet, and I am the nail."

"Well, I wish that someone would hit the nail on the head."

At any rate, it is good, clean fun.



Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

**Astor.**—"The Unwritten Chapter." Reviewed in this issue.

**Belasco.**—"One." The psychic adventures of Siamese soul-twins, with Frances Starr playing two parts, assisted by a migratory soul of tremendous agility.

**Belmont.**—"Little Miss Charity." Musical comedy to which you wouldn't be ashamed to take your sister—that is, assuming that your sister was modestly dressed herself.

**Bijou.**—"The Skin Game." Notice later.

**Booth.**—"Happy-Go-Lucky." A conventional farce-comedy enlivened by real cockney and a monumental bit of character-acting by O. P. Heggie.

**Broadhurst.**—"The Guest of Honor." Sentimental comedy written for William Hodge by William Hodge and appealing to William Hodge fans.

**Casino.**—"Honeydew." Efrem Zimbalist's music well sung and a mediocre book well acted.

**Central.**—"Lulu." Notice later.

**Century.**—"Mecca." A tremendous spectacle involving more spangles, bare feet and overhead charges than you ever saw before in your life.

**Century Roof.**—Elaborate revues at 8:30 and 11:30 P. M. (both different), dancing by Ingrid Solfeng and by the patrons (also different).

**"THE OUTRAGEOUS MRS. PALMER"** comes flushed with success from the realm of the famous Castle Square Stock Company of Boston. But it comes bearing the mark of the stock. One is constantly wondering what next week's offering will be.

It tells the story of a temperamental actress who has stamped and raved her way through almost three acts when the news comes that her son has been killed in France. In the last act she is no longer outrageous, and the play loses its chief claim to charm.

All the possibilities for another "Enter Madame" are there, but another "Enter Madame" does not emerge. There are repeated lapses into the second-rate, exemplified by such a trivial point as the meticulous English lord's ordering "potatoes au gratong." Mary Young is always acting the part of *Mrs. Palmer*, and although at times she acts it charmingly, it is always acting.

"The Outrageous Mrs. Palmer" is decidedly above the average. But Heaven knows that is faint enough praise.

Robert C. Benchley.

**George M. Cohan's.**—"The Tavern." The old school of romantic drama gone mad in an epoch-making burlesque. Too good to be true.

**Cohan and Harris.**—"Welcome, Stranger." Jewish propaganda disguised in a farmer's beard and linen duster. Interesting in spite of its inexpensive theatricality, thanks to excellent acting by George Sidney.

**Comedy.**—"The Bad Man." The Mexican border enlivened by the charming presence of a sharp-shooting bandit, delightfully portrayed by Holbrook Blinn.

**Cort.**—"Jim Jam Jems." Jazzical comedy just graduated from vaudeville.

**Eltinge.**—"Ladies' Night." Three men in the wrong department of a Turkish bath. It couldn't have been done in worse taste, and couldn't be doing better business.

**Empire.**—"Call the Doctor." A typical Belasco cast wasted on a typical high-school dramatic club comedy.

**Forty-eighth Street.**—"Opportunity." Outlasting all the other Wall Street dramas because people shout louder in it and telephones ring oftener.

**Frazee.**—"The Woman in Bronze." Margaret Anglin's superb emotional acting making noteworthy a conventional drama of the infernal triangle.

**Fulton.**—"Enter Madame." Light comedy skillfully written and skillfully acted.

**Gaiety.**—"Lightnin'." So far beyond the record that the statisticians have lost count. A comedy of what looks like universal and perpetual appeal.

**Garrick.**—"The Treasure." Yiddish comedy translated into English and further Americanized by the actors of the Theatre Guild. Amusing in spots, but a bit too "significant" to be entirely interesting.

**Globe.**—"Tip-Top." Fred Stone in as good an all-around musical entertainment as you could ask to see.

**Greenwich Village.**—"Three Live Ghosts." Amusing comedy, in spite of the fact that it deals with the somewhat threadbare theme of returning soldiers who had been reported dead.

**Hippodrome.**—"Good Times." You owe it to the children, and the children owe it to you.

**Hudson.**—"The Meanest Man on Earth." Reviewed in this issue.

**Knickerbocker.**—"Mary." Notice later.

**Liberty.**—"The Night Boat." Musical comedy of evidently unlimited tenacity.

**Little.**—"The First Year." Notice later.

**Longacre.**—"Pitter-Patter." The old comedy, "Caught in the Rain," made into a musical comedy. "A sorrow's crown of sorrow—"

**Lyceum.**—"The Gold Diggers." Ina Claire in a highly successful comedy of chorus-girl life.

**Lyric.**—"Kissing Time." Reviewed in this issue.

**Maxine Elliott's.**—"Spanish Love." Just what you could expect of those hot-blooded races: extra-heavy hate, revenge-lust and passion.

**Morosco.**—"The Bat." No nicer murder has been committed in town this year.

**New Amsterdam.**—"Hitchy-Koo." Notice later.

**Park.**—"Bab." Notice later.

**Playhouse.**—"Anna Ascends." Alice Brady showing how much better she could do in a better play. This is a comedy, if you must know.

**Plymouth.**—"Little Old New York." Costume play, introducing famous characters of 1810 and the charming Genevieve Tobin. Sweet, but amusing.

**Princess.**—"Blue Bonnet." Ernest Truex in an appealing part redeeming an otherwise unimportant play about the Mexican border. No shooting.

**Punch and Judy.**—"Because of Helen." Drawing-room comedy with epigrams hot every minute—and good every half-hour.

**Republic.**—"The Lady of the Lamp." An elaborate and well-acted presentation of what happens to those who are so fortunate as to smoke opium.

**Sekwyn.**—"Tickle Me." Frank Tinney and, as if that were not enough, good music (as good as there is in town) and a good company.

**Shubert.**—"The Greenwich Village Folies." Remarkably fine taste has been shown in the presentation of this beautiful revue, with the exception of the comedy, which is in remarkably bad taste.

**Thirty-ninth Street.**—"The Outrageous Mrs. Palmer." Reviewed in this issue.

**Times Square.**—"The Mirage." Florence Reed doing as well as could be expected in a stereotyped play of sin and repentance, type 486, Class B.

**Vanderbilt.**—"Irene." Dainty, yet possessing a record-breaking wallop. The Carpenter among musical comedies.

**Winter Garden.**—"Broadway Brevities." Bert Williams and Eddie Cantor without much to work with.

**Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic.**—Art Hickman's orchestra and a running entertainment while you eat.



## Rejection Page

(Note: The contributions on this page have been rejected)

### Cheerio!

NOW I sit me down to read  
A jolly copy of the LIFE.  
It's just the thing that I need  
To drive away the storm and strife.

How it wallops blues and gloom!  
And flings my worries far away!  
Now my sorrows meet their doom,  
While I read my LIFE this day.

A Reader.

### Never to Hear the Human Voice

Or, He'd Be Lonesome There

THE TIRED BUSINESS MAN: Gee,  
I'd like to go on a long vacation where  
I'd be entirely cut off from the world.

SYMPATHETIC FRIEND: Why don't you try  
a telephone booth?

### Settlement Work

ROUNDER: I have decided to go into  
settlement work.

BOUNDER: Isn't this a rather sudden decision?

ROUNDER: Well, my creditors have been  
insisting upon it for some time.

### Beating the H. C. L.

THERE was a fair co-ed named Jean,  
Who aspired to become kitchen queen:  
She took domestic science,  
And with every appliance  
She prepared a whole meal from a bean.

### Birdie Two

MRS. WILLIS: What do  
you mean by running out  
to the golf course with a  
woman?

MR. WILLIS: I never did.  
What makes you think so?

MRS. WILLIS: I heard Mr.  
Bump telling you that he went  
around the course with a wren,  
and you told him that you had  
a birdie too.



### Some Amended Soliloquies

(Note: The soliloquy is in disfavor. Out of four hundred and fifty-nine dramatic offerings announced for the 1920-21 season on Broadway, not one Shakespearean revival is mentioned. The managers blame it on the soliloquy. They say there is no more market for this once popular commodity. If we are to have our Shakespeare, something must be done to the soliloquy. For the benefit of those who advocate modernizing it, the following suggestions are offered.)

Hamlet

TO be or not to be; some question, I'll say.  
Why, it's got the League of Nations  
beaten forty ways.

What's the answer? Search me.  
My name's Hamlet, not Ouija.  
But take it from me, when a guy's got a  
Conscience it's nix on the hari-kari stuff.  
Safety first—that's me all over.

Macbeth

Is this a dagger which I see before me?  
A dagger? Aw, come off. Why, this here  
Duncan's  
A tough bird. Bring me a .48-calibre gattler  
And I'll knock him for a goal. A dagger!  
Can you beat it?

Lady Macbeth

Out, damned spot! Out, I say!  
For the love of Mike, what's a matter with  
you?  
Can't you hear?  
I said out. O-U-T—OUT.  
Now, do you get me? Beat it!

Claudius, King of Denmark

Oh, my offense is rank; it smells so  
heaven. However, my lawyers tell me, under  
paragraph 4, Section 663 of the Penal  
Code, I stand a good chance of getting off  
with nothing worse than a suspended sen-  
tence. Oh, you Nassau County!

Romeo

Oh, that I were a glove upon that hand!  
Say, take it from me, I'd be the original  
Form-fit kid, and don't you forget it. Yea, bo!  
Ah, there, Juliet, girlie!  
I'm crazy about you.

A GOOD many of us, while not sympa-  
thizing with the Bolsheviks, are wonder-  
ing, deep in our hearts, if the civilization  
of some parts of western Europe is worth  
contending for.

### Inventory

WHAT is the poet's stock-in-trade?  
Items: gone love, a withered rose.  
Lost moonlight and a broken heart.

Yet sings he of some fair, sweet maid;  
And aye about the bud that blows,  
And of young Love and of love's smart—

Although he knows the flower will fade;  
That love cold grows full well he knows;  
He knows—yet sings—for that is Art

### When the Help Fails to Come

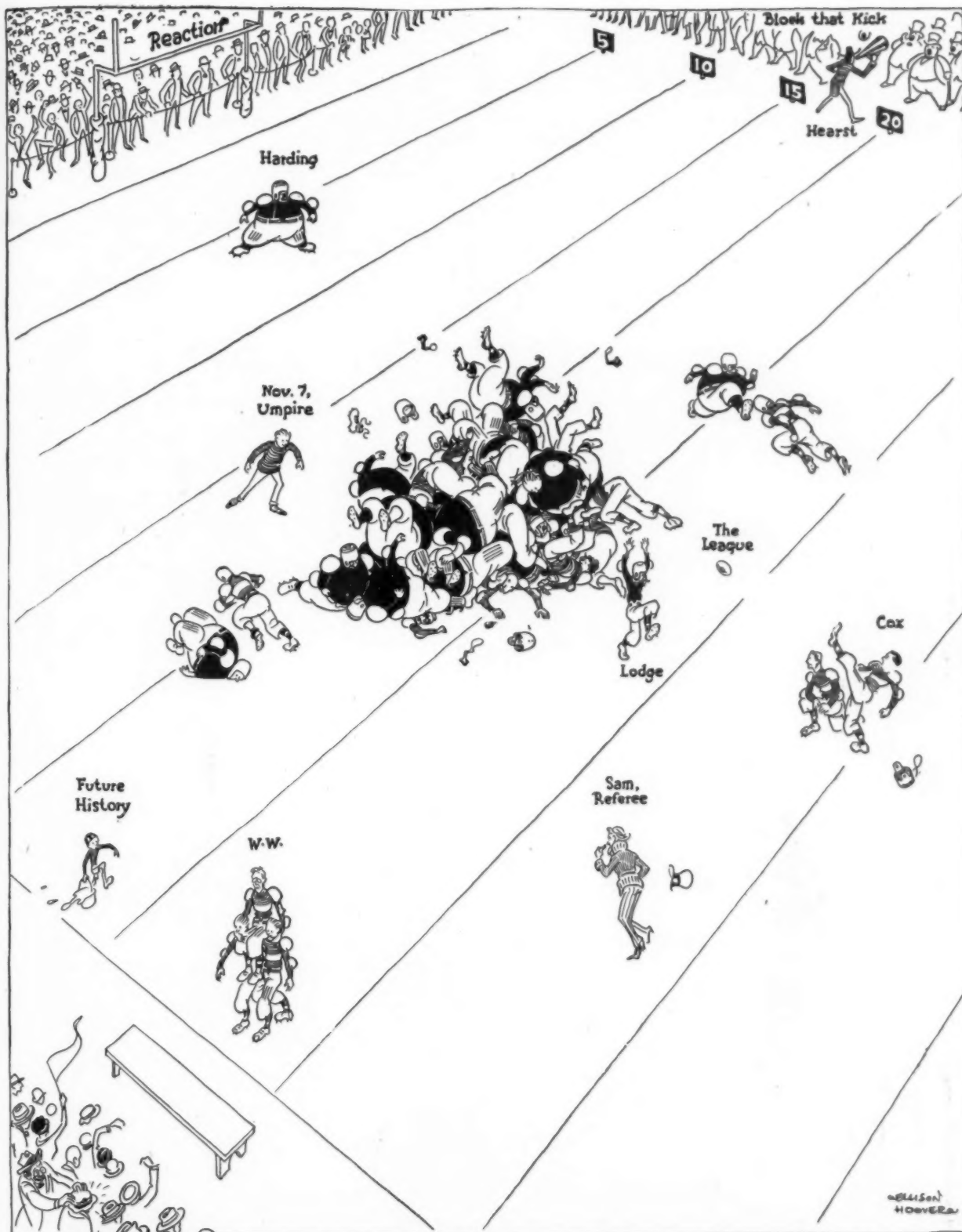
MR. SUBURB: My dear, you seem to be  
provoked.

MRS. SUBURB: I am, indeed. The wash-  
erwoman has just telephoned that she can-  
not come to-day because her  
clothes have not been delivered  
from the laundry.

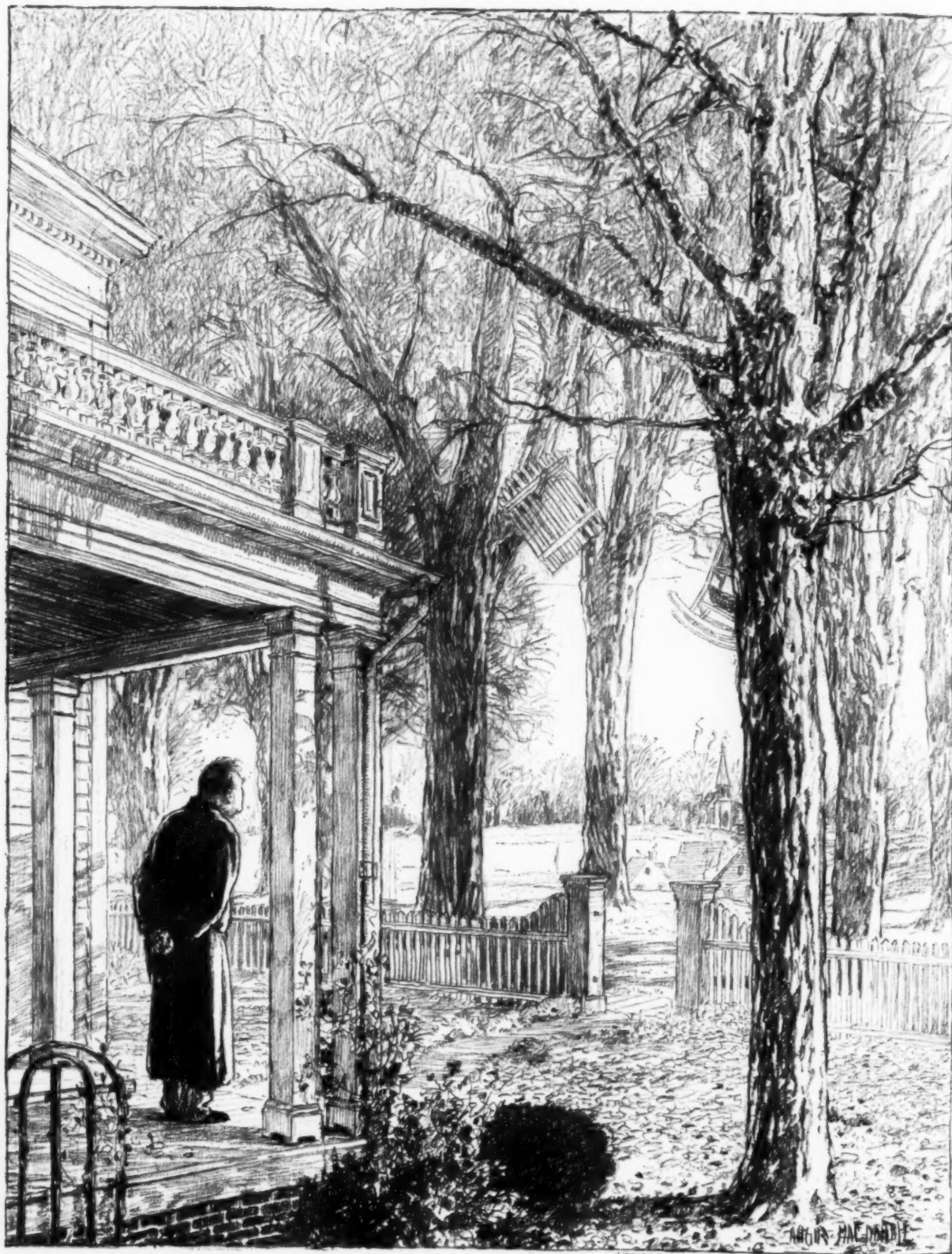
### A Joke?

A TRUE American is too  
honest to steal, too proud  
to beg; so he gets trusted.

MONEY talks—until it is  
summoned by a campaign  
investigating committee.



THE CHAMPIONSHIP GAME  
THE CARNALS V.S. THE CELESTIALS  
(Acknowledgments to E. S. M.)



The Morning After Hallowe'en



"FORTY YEARS I'VE BEEN WAITIN' FER TH' VOTE, SO'S I COULD SHOW THEM POLITICIANS WHAT I THOUGHT O' THEM. JEST YOU WAIT TILL ELECTION DAY!"

"WHAT ARE YE GOIN' T' DO ON ELECTION DAY, MIS' FIGGINS?"

"STAY RIGHT TER HOME 'ERE AN' SHOW MY CONTEMP' FER THE WHOLE BILIN' O' THEM."

### Unknown Heroes of Literature

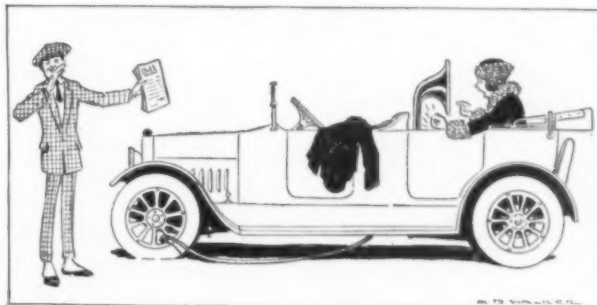
RECENTLY a very remarkable thing happened. A novelist—Mrs. Kathleen Norris, to be precise—dedicated her new book, and in terms of genuine affection, to the head salesman of her publishing house. Now there may be some who will scoff at this, and say that too sharp an eye upon the selling phase of the business has been the inward reason for the progressive deterioration of the work of a very talented writer. But we, who look with so temperate and lenient an eye upon all sublunary affairs, see in this incident a cheerful and encouraging context. Too little honor has been paid to that most influential pinion in the literary machine, the publisher's salesman. Day and night, in the rumbling discomfort of a Pullman berth or in suasive and checkered argument with the jaundiced and skeptic buyer, this genial paladin goes forth to wage war on behalf of the helpless and aspiring author. Mrs. Norris, tented over by the blue sky of her California prune ranch, has been the first to pay tribute to the genius of the man who, more than any others, keeps writers warmed and fed.

C. M.

### A Gotham Conversation

"WHAT'S hypocrisy, dad?"

"When you see our landlord wearing his old clothes."



THE HOT-AIR PUMP

TO INFLATE TIRE, ATTACH INTAKE RECEIVER NEAR YOUR WIFE AND KICK ABOUT AMOUNT OF DRESSMAKER OR MILLINER BILL. THE RESULT IS WONDERFUL



The Morning After Hallowe'en



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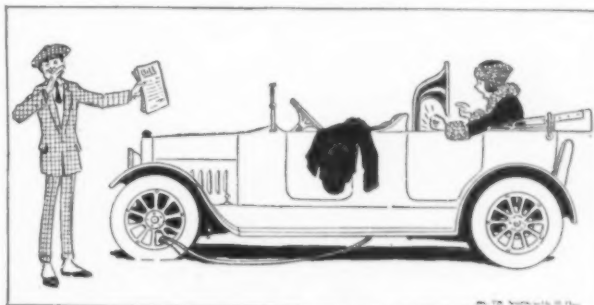
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"When you see our landlord wearing his old clothes."



THE HOT-AIR PUMP

TO INFLATE TIRE, ATTACH INTAKE RECEIVER NEAR YOUR WIFE AND KICK ABOUT AMOUNT OF DRESSMAKER OR MILLINER BILL. THE RESULT IS WONDERFUL



"THERE GOES BINKLEY WITH THE GIRL HE'S GOING TO MARRY."  
"BY JOVE! I CAN SEE A LONG SHOE-BUTTONING CAREER AHEAD OF HIM."

### It's All in the System

MERCEDES was seated at the telephone, her mouth puckered into a pout. It was my duty—so Mercedes informs me—inasmuch as everybody has been thanked for the wedding presents, to keep her happy. Consequently, I hastened to inquire into the meaning of the pout.

"What have I done now?" I asked meekly.

"Idiot!" she answered affably, "you haven't done anything. I've been trying to telephone to this fool clerk for half an hour and he won't understand, and I keep repeating and repeating, and I imagine I'll eventually go cra—"

"Stop!" I exclaimed, after the best manner of a traffic policeman. "Heaven forbid! What is it you want?"

"A top," said Mercedes. "A glass top for the percolator. That's simple enough, isn't it?"

"Mercedes, my child," I remarked blandly, "of course it is. Dry your pretty eyes and send back the strait-waistcoat. By the means of a trifling little system I picked up from somewhere, I

shall make your desire known to the fool clerk. Listen carefully, and most likely you will be able to do as much in the future yourself."

"Ha!" said Mercedes noncommittally, but she gave me the telephone.

"Attention!" I shouted through the telephone, and had the pleasure of hearing the presumably startled clerk's heels click. "What the lady wants is a glass top for a percolator. . . . P for Paris, e for eel, r for Russia, c for candy, o for ocean, l for liar, a for able, t for trance, o for only, r for rattle. . . . A-glass-top-for-a-percolator. Do you get it?"

"Absolutely," he shouted back, and, as if to prove how sincere he was, he promptly rang off.

Triumphantly I looked over at Mercedes. "How's that for a system?" I asked.

For once, Mercedes had nothing whatever to say.

Next morning at breakfast Mercedes opened one of her letters and with a peculiar expression handed it to me. I read it.

"Dear Madam [it said]: Clerk 14456

reports an extraordinary order over the telephone from you or from someone using your name and address. As Clerk 14456 has some knowledge of shorthand, he was able to record the order verbatim. The order follows:

"I want a grass plot for a tpro(?)—kp(?). T for tariff, p for peel, r for rusher, s for sandy, o for ocean, hell for liars (?), k for cable, p for prance, h for homely, tar for brittle (?)."

"We beg to state that we do not carry grass plots, not to mention any of the other articles. Will you please advise us?"

The gale of laughter that followed was indubiously unladylike.

"Mercedes!" I said sternly, "you forget yourself!"

"Oh . . . oh!" she gasped. "H for horse, a for apple; h for horse, a for apple." And she continued muttering this formula rapidly.

"What do you mean?" I demanded.

"Ha-ha!" she explained. "I'm laughing at you!"

At times it becomes painfully apparent that in some things Mercedes is decidedly lacking. Henry William Hanemann.

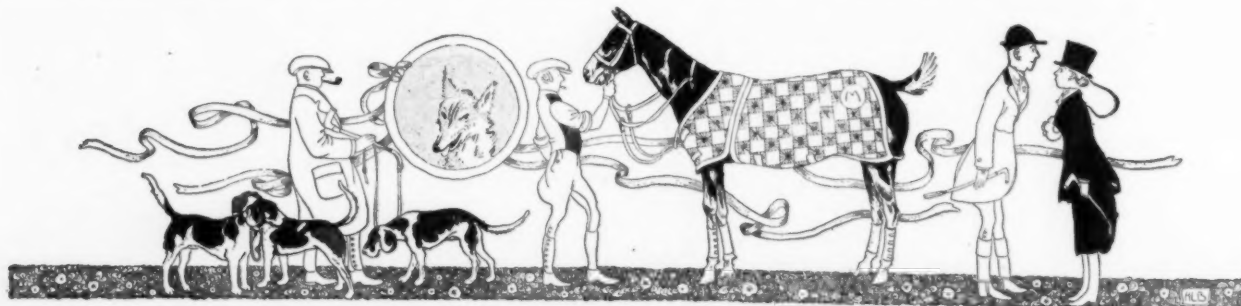
### LIFE'S Ready Replies

*Good Under Any Circumstances; Memo-  
rize and Be Prepared for an Emergency*

#### THE STATE OF TRADE

**QUESTION:** What do you think of deflation?

**Answer:** We must get back to normal, but whether we should get back to old-time prices is another question. The problem lies in getting back without disturbing present profits. I don't really know how that is to be done, but the financial minds of the country will find a way. Credit should be deflated, but this should be done without requiring anybody to use his money for paying off loans. Our great need is a lower living cost. That may come either when prices go down or when gold movements are stabilized. The future will tell.



QUERY: DO FOXES ENJOY WEEK-ENDS?



"WHAT HAS HAPPENED, WILLIAM?"

"I HIT A BASEBALL THROUGH THE PLATE-GLASS WINDOW OF OLD M'KENNA'S STORE AND—"

"HEAVENS! HE DIDN'T BEAT YOU, DID HE?"

"NO, MOTHER; IT'S MUCH WORSE THAN THAT—THE UMPIRE CALLED IT A FOUL BALL."



### Rhymed Reviews

#### The Book of Susan

(By Lee Wilson Dodd. E. P. Dutton & Co.)

CLEAR-EYED, she fronted sorrow,  
 bliss,  
 Or bugaboos with locks Medusan;  
 She worshiped lucent Artemis—  
 Direct, clean-minded, valiant Susan.

Her birth was hardly Susan's pride;  
 Her father, coarse and seldom shaven,  
 A murderer and suicide,  
 Had horrified polite New Haven.

Yet Ambrose Hunt (who writes this  
 book),  
 A man with riches overladen,  
 Magnanimously undertook  
 To rear and teach the orphan maiden.

She learned; from her no truths were  
 hid;  
 Souls, books and minds—alike she read  
 them;  
 The thing to do she straightway did;  
 If words were needed, Susan said them.

And, like her goddess high and pure  
 Who walks the hills on silver sandals,  
 She climbed the slopes of Literature,  
 Disdaining dastard lies and scandals.

She wrote a book; she wrote a play  
 That made a hit in Greenwich Vil-  
 lage;  
 She packed her kit and sailed away  
 For dismal scenes of war and pil-  
 lage.

There she and Hunt by aid of Krupp  
 Were joined in matrimonial tether;  
 It took a bomb that blew him up  
 To bring this backward pair together.

In France they work, while, seething hot,  
 The great world-cauldron boils and  
 bubbles;  
 But Susan's sure to do a lot  
 To cure the poor old planet's troubles.

Arthur Guiterman.

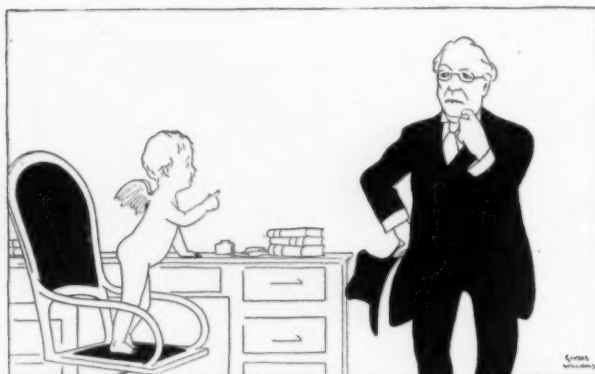
#### LIFE'S Choice

The Best Six Current Books

*The Wind Between the Worlds*, by  
 Alice Brown.  
*Miss Lulu Bett*, by Zona Gale.  
*Mrs. Warren's Daughter*, by Sir  
 Harry Johnston.  
*Not That It Matters*, by A. A. Milne.  
*Talks With T. R.*, by John J. Leary,  
 Jr.  
*Enslaved, and Other Poems*, by John  
 Masefield.

*O. Henry Memorial Award: Prize  
 Stories*, 1919. Here are collected fifteen  
 of the thirty-two short stories published  
 in 1919 which were ultimately considered  
 in the award of two prizes, memorials to  
 O. Henry. First prize went to Margaret  
 Prescott Montague's "England to Amer-  
 ica" (*Atlantic Monthly*); second prize to  
 Wilbur Daniel Steele's "For They Know  
 Not What They Do" (*Pictorial Re-*  
*(Continued on page 783)*

#### Sanctum Talks



"NOW, Mr. Gompers, I put it up to you."  
 "But, LIFE, I don't want to have it put up to me."  
 "But, Mr. Gompers, you *must* have it put up to you."  
 "If I had wanted it put up to me, LIFE, I would have said so  
 long ago. I would have come right out fairly and squarely,  
 and—"  
 "Sure, Mr. Gompers?"  
 "Well, why not? Look at the rough way I have treated our  
 British brothers."  
 "But—"  
 "Oh, I—"  
 "Now—Mr. Gompers!"

#### LIFE'S Title Contest

For Rules and Conditions See Next Week's LIFE



Ah, Brother Piety, which shall it be—  
 "Onward, Christian Soldier," or "Abide with Me"?

The above was one of the most famous title-contest pictures that  
 have ever appeared in LIFE, and is even now remembered by many  
 old readers. It was published in December, 1911, and the prize was  
 won by Mr. E. N. Smith, San Francisco. The rules and conditions  
 of the \$1,000.00 contest now running were published in our last  
 issue, and will be repeated in next week's LIFE.

Beauty costs little when it is the natural by-product of real worth. Phoenix hosiery is made first to *resist wear*; its lasting beauty follows as the natural consequence of its sturdy structure. Today Phoenix leads in hosiery sales because it has the beauty that endures.

## PHOENIX HOSIERY





### Insults Unavenged

The bucolic one had been asked his opinion of scarecrows.

"No good at all," he grunted—"leastways, against the crows in this district! Only last year we put up what we thought was a fine scarecrow—a man pointing a gun."

"Well, what happened?"

"Why, all the crows in the world seemed to be feeding in that field, and whilst one crow perched on the gun and worked the trigger, another was falling down, pretending to be shot."—*Answers (London)*.

### In an Art Gallery

"He calls it a 'Portrait of a Lady.'"

"He's alone in his belief. The artists say it's no portrait and the women say she's no lady."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

AMERICA is a country in which high wages merely accentuate the fact that most people are broke.—*New York Sun*.



"HELLO!—CATSKILL OPERATOR? THIS IS RIP VAN WINKLE—AND I'M STILL WAITING"

### Miss Heming

Miss Heming was undoubtedly the best Stenographer in Washington. She dressed in serge and sheer white muslin; spent the day

In typing, not complaining of her pay; Never gave way to cross or sulky fits, Never wrote "there" for "their," or "it's" for "its."

Her copy was a dream; she'd always fix Her day's job up, though kept till half-past six.

She had one fault, however: she would write "the Adjutant General," in the world's despite—

Not capital T-h-e, in proper form!

The A. G. O. grew restive; came a storm; Our colonel, 'neath the term of "negligent" Smarting, discharged Miss Heming. Off she went,

'Mid the loud lamentations of our force.

She showed no anger, sorrow or remorse; Merely remarked—we hailed it as sublime—"I had a grandmother like that one time."

W. W. Williams, in *Atlantic Monthly*.

"HA! young man, how would you like it if that pretty young thing were your wife?"

"Well, it would be more interesting if she were yours."—*Sans Gêne (Paris)*.

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# GIRARD

What makes brain power?

Not only brain quality but *condition*, too. Many a man lights up a puzzling business problem when he lights up his Girard. Its wonderful ripe mellow flavor and real Havana quality put him just in the mood to think and act his best.

Antonio Roig & Langsdorf  
Established 49 years : Philadelphia

Never gets on  
your nerves

## Tours and Cruises

### SOUTH AMERICA

A Cruise—Tour

January 29th

70 days—\$2200 up

### WEST INDIES

Cruises

23 days under

Tropical skies

\$450 up

### Tours

To the ORIENT

### CALIFORNIA and

FLORIDA Tours

Including the best there is to see in South America and the celebrated trip over the Andes. Down the West coast on the luxurious Pacific Line Steamer, "Ebro"—up the East coast via the Lamport & Holt Line. Seventy days of pleasure on land and sea. An extended program of sight-seeing in all the principal cities of South America.

January 15th, S. S. Ulua; February 10th, S. S. Tolca, of the Great White Fleet.

These new steamers built for cruising in the tropics offer the comforts of an ocean liner. Visiting Havana, Santiago, Port Antonio, Kingston, Cristobal, Panama Canal, Port Limon, San Jose and Havana. Honolulu, Japan, Manchuria, North and South China and the Philippine Islands. Sailing from Vancouver January 13; from San Francisco January 24, February 5 and 20, March 16, April 2 and 30, May 28 and June 25; from Seattle March 11. Small parties under personal escort. Write for details.

Conducted tours leaving each week from the middle of January throughout the winter to California and Florida. Stopover privilege enabling individuals to return independently or with a later tour. Write for details.

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INTERNATIONAL BANKING, SHIPPING, TRAVEL AND FOREIGN TRADE



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How perfectly—how gently—how surely—it bids the impertinent hair begone! Leaving my lady's underarm as smooth and soft and fair as her cheek.

No woman of delicacy can avoid the masculine method of removing hair—a method from which they have instinctively shrunk.

The Olorono Company's Depilatory removes hair correctly, pleasantly and harmlessly—leaving in the room only a faint fragrance of almonds.

Your favorite toilet counter should be able to supply you with this new depilatory — at \$1.00 per package (which includes mixing things). If not, write to The Olorono Company, 60 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.



## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



### Age Cannot Wither Her

Belinda boasts, you must confess,  
A vast variety of dress;  
She's always "changing"—lest you see  
Her infinite monotony.

—London Mail.

### Ominous

"Germany's attitude towards peace is ominous," said General Laurin Lawson at a luncheon in Louisville.

"Germany reminds me, in fact, of the new parlor-maid whose mistress said to her: 'And above all things, I expect you to be reticent.'

"Yes, ma'am, certainly, of course, ma'am," said the new maid.

"Then she leaned towards her mistress with shining eyes.

"And what's there to be reticent about, ma'am?" she asked."—Detroit Free Press.

### Conscience

Wilson and Wilton were discussing the moralities when the first put this question: "Well, what is conscience, anyhow?"

"Conscience," said Wilton, who prides himself upon being a bit of a pessimist, "is the thing we always believe should bother the other fellow."—Toledo Blade.

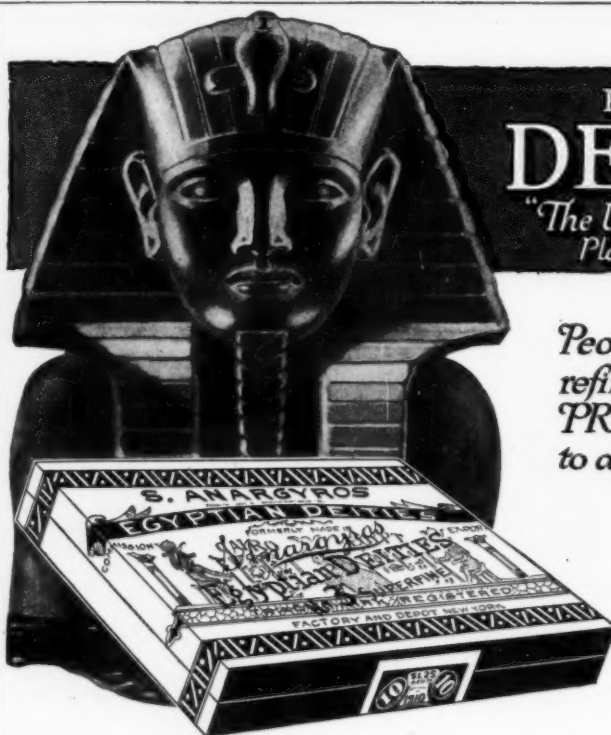
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Name "Bayer" identifies genuine Aspirin introduced to physicians in 1900. Insist on unbroken packages

## BAYER-TABLETS of ASPIRIN

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoceteticacidester of Salicylicacid



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"The Utmost in Cigarettes"  
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People of culture and  
refinement invariably  
**PREFER** Deities  
to any other cigarette.

30¢

*S. Anargyros*  
Makers of the Highest Grade  
and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World

### A Schedule

A Boston business man has the following schedule of time for interviews hung over his desk:

Book agents—three seconds.

Unclassified bores—thirty ditto.

Golf associates—one hour.

Friends to make a touch (It takes time to explain why you are broke)—five minutes.

People to pay bills—no limit.

Employees wanting increase of salary—one minute.

My wife—never too busy.

Poor relations—always out.

—Boston Transcript.

### The Burden of Proof

Professor Alfred Noyes, the English poet, it is known, likes very much to read his works aloud to his friends, and at Princeton, with so many young men under him, he is usually able to gratify this liking to the full. The other day Professor Noyes said to a junior who had called about an examination: "Wait a minute. Don't go yet. I want to show you the proofs of my new book of poems." But the junior made for the door frantically. "No, no," he said. "I don't need proofs. Your word is enough for me, professor."—Argonaut.

### He'd Seen the Bride

"We're giving Baxby a farewell dinner and I'm to respond to the toast, 'None but the brave deserves the fair.'"

"Sorry for you, old top. You'll have to prove that Baxby is an utter coward, or that he isn't getting what is his due."

—Nashville Tennessean.

MISTRESS (to butler): Why is it, John, every time I come home I find you sleeping?

"Well, ma'am, it's this way: I don't like to be a-doing nothing."

—Le Journal Amusant (Paris).

### Capital and Labor

STRIKER: To settle our differences we will have an arbitrator!

EMPLOYER: Good! Who will he be?

STRIKER: Me!—Pasquino (Turin).

### Dead Shots

FIRST SIMPLE NIMROD: Hey, don't shoot. Your gun isn't loaded.

HIS PARTNER: Can't help that; the bird won't wait.—Mass. Tech. Voo Doo.

### Beauty Hint

"You're looking pale to-night, my dear."

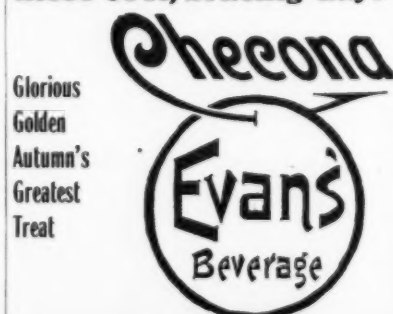
"Am I? Then do tell me something that will give me a little color!"

—Sans Gêne (Paris).

THERE'S just one thing the Bolshevik in America can do well—he can dampen the fire under the Melting Pot!

—New York Sun.

To start the blood a-tingling  
these cool, bracing days drink



Glorious  
Golden  
Autumn's  
Greatest  
Treat

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The Cleveland Coupe appeals, too, not only for these qualities but for the established excellence of the Cleveland Six chassis with its powerful, pliant and quiet motor of the most highly refined overhead valve type, its long underslung spring construction which smooths out the road bumps, its positive brakes, its ease of control and its sturdiness throughout.

The Cleveland Six is a better car. It will show you much more than you can find in cars of similar size and price. Thousands of Cleveland owners know this to be true.

A leading automobile house in over 2,000 cities and towns in the United States is showing the Cleveland Six. You will find it worth your while to see and have explained to you the many fine features of this splendid six.

Touring Car (Five Passengers) \$1435  
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Handsome, fairweather overcoats, when it's fine—

Raincoats, when it rains.

We make the garments here, but the fabrics are constructed according to our own formula by the canny Scots, whose skill for beautiful color effects has come down through generations.

All wool. No rubber.

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Mail orders filled.

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at 13th St.

"Four  
Convenient  
Corners"

Broadway  
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at 34th St.

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at 41st St.

NEW YORK CITY



PROFESSOR SEEDE HOLDS OUT HIS HAND MERELY TO SEE IF IT IS RAINING, AND IS NOW IN FIFTY CENTS

## EUROPE 1921

Parties enrolling now. Moderate prices. Most interesting routes. Great success 1920.

TEMPLE TOURS 65-H Franklin Street Boston, Mass.

## Cuticura Soap — AND OINTMENT — Clear the Skin

Soap, Ointment, Talcum, etc. everywhere. For samples address: Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. 7, Malden, Mass.

### Examination Paper for Presidential Candidates

**M**ENTION offhand twenty or thirty statesmen who are better fitted for the presidency than yourself.

Wherein do you differ from truly great men of the past, *e. g.*, McKinley, Jefferson?

What is the basic difference between running a small-town newspaper and running a democracy?

If elected, would you conduct the nation's business at the Capitol or from your front porch?

What purpose is served in a presidential campaign by delivering, instead of an informative speech, a heart-to-heart homily?

Define "complete change in foreign policy."

If somebody turned up of whom you had never heard before, would you, or would you not, hire him to run your newspaper for you?

### Thoughts on Interrogators

**T**HERE is one thing about an interrogator that may not have occurred to you, and that is, he is always loyal to himself. Once an interrogator, always an interrogator.

You may say that all children are interrogators, and that some of them get over it. But, in the first place, all children are not. I deny it. To be effective, my denial must be accompanied by a definition of an interrogator.

An interrogator is, for an example, not always a person who interrogates. That is, outwardly and audibly. But he is a person who is so saturated with curiosity that he doesn't need to talk. You feel it the moment he comes near.

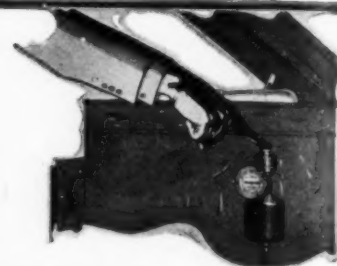
The worst of it is, you can do nothing for him. He may be quite a decent sort of chap otherwise. The chances are that he is. Besides, this feeling of interrogation that he has about you and your affairs is founded on the most flattering of motives. Yet, with it all, you come to hate him. He is not a bounder. He is not always a bore. Yet, still—you come to hate him.

The skill with which he carries on his interminable interrogation is uncanny. His questions are never direct. He is too much of a gentleman for that. Besides, that method would be altogether too crude for any accomplished interrogator.

He exclaims: "Why, I didn't know you had that etching. Let's see; it's by ——. At least, that's what it looks like."

"Yes, it is by ——" you say, decisively, hoping thereby to end the matter.

"They are going up," he remarks consolingly. "I priced one the other day at



### To wind — Touch the Button when changing a record.

The MOTROLA is a small electric motor easily attached in place of the winding crank. A simple touch of the button when changing a record, and the MOTROLA electrically winds the spring motor, stopping when the motor reaches the proper tension.

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Bonyton's; perhaps you got this one there."

"No, I didn't," you say resignedly.

"There is only one other place you could have gotten it," he adds.

You have in mind to tell him just where you got it, how much you paid for it, just what paper it was wrapped up in, who brought it home, when it arrived, and so on. But you cannot. He is your guest. So you wait, in slow torture, while he worms it all out of you at last—to the least trivial detail.

The child wants to know for his own sake. He is curious, because the best way to learn is to ask questions. But the interrogator wants to know, not so much to increase his stock of knowledge, as to acquire the raw material to make a comparison between his own condition and yours. And that is why you hate him.

T. L. M.

## Sure Relief



**BELL-ANS**  
FOR  
INDIGESTION  
25 CENTS

**BELL-ANS**  
FOR  
INDIGESTION

## The Latest Books

(Continued from page 776)

review). The stories here reprinted include tales by Ben Ames Williams, Albert Payson Terhune, Melville Davisson Post, Fannie Hurst, James Branch Cabell and Edna Ferber, and we think the only thing that can safely be said about them is that here they are for each reader to dispute over.

*The Brass Check*, by Upton Sinclair. (Upton Sinclair, Pasadena, California.) An exposé of American journalism as corrupt. It could have been made more convincing; nevertheless all this smoke proceeds from a fire of some size. One trouble is that Sinclair doesn't distinguish between corruption and mere commercialism, which, however philistine it may be, isn't necessarily base. What is really needed is a book showing both black and white, and the black should be black exclusively, and not weakened by doubtful nudges.

*The Origins of French Romanticism*, by M. B. Finch and E. Allison Peers. (E. P. Dutton & Co.) A study by two English writers, beginning with Diderot and Rousseau and going on to Chateaubriand and Millevoye. Of interest to specialists; lucidly and well written. It is necessary to read French, as none of the many quotations is translated.

*The Riddle of the Frozen Flame*, by M. E. and T. W. Hanshaw. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) Cleek of Scotland Yard again. He has to solve the apparently unrelated mysteries of gold losses from all

## DANDERINE

Its Hair Coming Out; Doubles Its Beauty and Thickness.



few cents buys a bottle of "Danderine." An application of "Danderine" you seldom see fallen hair or any dandruff, besides every shows new life, vigor, brightness, more color thickness.—Any drug store.

## W. L. Douglas

THE SHOE THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE

\$7.00 \$8.00 \$9.00 &amp; \$10.00 SHOES

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

YOU CAN SAVE MONEY BY WEARING W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES



"THE STAMPED PRICE IS W. L. DOUGLAS PERSONAL GUARANTEE THAT THE SHOES ARE ALWAYS WORTH THE PRICE PAID FOR THEM"

The best known shoes in the world. They are sold in 107 W. L. Douglas stores, direct from the factory to you at only one profit, which guarantees to you the best shoes that can be produced, at the lowest possible cost. W. L. Douglas name and the retail price are stamped on the bottom of all shoes before they leave the factory, which is your protection against unreasonable profits.

W. L. Douglas \$9.00 and \$10.00 shoes are absolutely the best shoe values for the money in this country. They are made of the best and finest leathers that money can buy. They combine quality, style, workmanship and wearing qualities equal to other makes selling at higher prices. They are the leaders in the fashion centers of America. The stamped price is W. L. Douglas personal guarantee that the shoes are always worth the price paid for them. The prices are the same everywhere; they cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York.

W. L. Douglas shoes are made by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy.

W. L. Douglas shoes are for sale by over 9000 shoe dealers besides our own stores. If your local dealer cannot supply you, take no other make. Order direct from factory. Send for booklet telling how to order shoes by mail, postage free.

**CAUTION.**—Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes. The name and price is plainly stamped on the sole. Be careful to see that it has not been changed or mutilated.

W. L. Douglas President  
W. L. Douglas Shoe Co.,  
147 Spark Street,  
Brockton, Mass.

English banks, strange fires in lonely marshes, and a murder.

*Buffalo Bill's Life Story: An Autobiography.* (Cosmopolitan Book Corp.) Good stuff for the boy of any age.

*A Critic in Pall Mall*, by Oscar Wilde. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.) Short book reviews and miscellanies resurrected from London publications, but far more worth while than most things of the sort. They include notices of Henley's poems, Walt Whitman, Walter Pater's *Imaginary Portraits*, W. B. Yeats, George Sand; and they remind us how unusual was Wilde's equipment as a reviewer. You would scarcely expect to find Wilde praising Bret Harte, would you? Yet he did, in emphatic words.

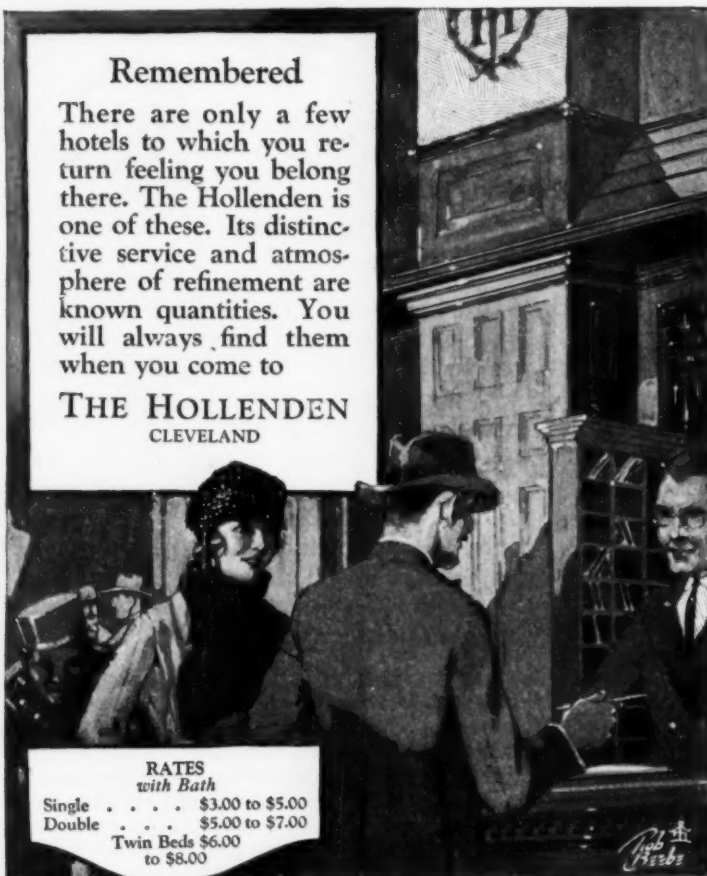
*Bertram Cope's Year*, by Henry B. Fuller. (Ralph Fletcher Seymour, Chicago.) We understand that the theme of this tale is "the adamant face of youth toward either love or friendship that is not of its own seeking." It has to do with a young college instructor who appeals variously to an elderly woman and man and to three young women, but when he leaves Churchton only one of the lot hears from him, and that in a merely polite letter. The book is certainly the year's masterpiece of unimaginative realism; beside it, Virginia Woolf's *The Voyage Out* is moderately exciting.

Grant M. Overton.

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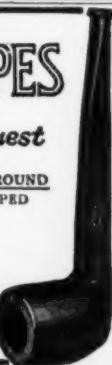
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The lady of fashion for the fir.

The susceptible youth for the peach.

The poker player for the pear.

The bellboy for the palm.

The railroad employee for the plum.

The professional humorist for the chestnut.

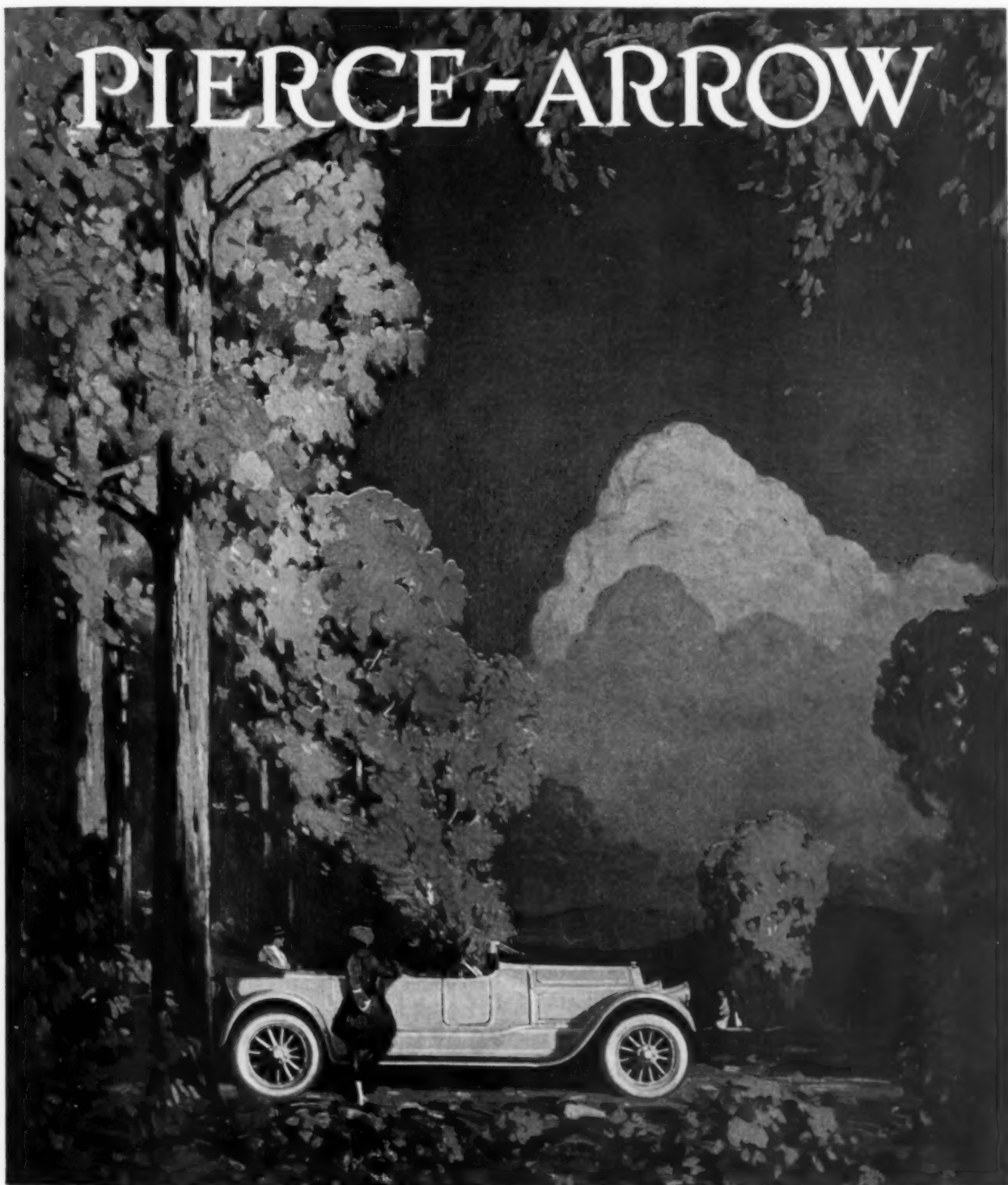


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